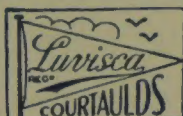


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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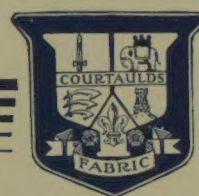
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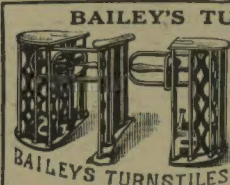
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1932.



**THE FIRST MAN TO FLY THE ATLANTIC IN A LIGHT AEROPLANE, AND SOLO FROM EAST TO WEST:  
MR. J. A. MOLLISON, THE HERO OF THE HOUR IN AVIATION.**

The eyes of the world have lately been centred on Mr. J. A. Mollison, the famous Scottish airman who (as recorded in our last number) recently achieved the great feat of flying the Atlantic in a small machine and, at the same time, of making the first solo Transatlantic flight from east to west. He had previously,

it will be remembered, accomplished record flights from Australia to England and from England to the Cape. His original intention of returning across the Atlantic within three days had to be abandoned. Photographs taken just after his landing in New Brunswick appear on another page in this issue.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY MARGARET LINDSAY WILLIAMS. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

ALMOST immediately after the end of the Great War a German wrote a highly successful or widely boomed book called "The Decline of the West." The most human inference (in the opinion of many) was that the German, having assisted at the spectacle of the Decline and Fall of the German Empire, naturally wanted all the rest of us to decline and fall with him. He felt it would be obviously a breach of taste and tact for any nation to flourish if Germany had declined; if, indeed, he was even aware of the existence of such fringes of his Empire as France or Flanders or England. Anyhow, he applied his doctrine to all that is most active in our civilisation, whether we are so constituted as to call it the Indo-Germanic race or prefer to call it Christendom. But there was more in this theory of his about a general collapse; which was also a theory of a recurrent collapse. In this, indeed, and in his general idea of a modern phase of decline, his view was quite reasonable and very persuasively stated. But there was bound up with it another set of ideas which are not necessarily any part of the theory, either that civilisations periodically weaken or that our civilisation has weakened in our period. Those two theses may quite well be true; but the thesis of the book was false.

For me, at least, it was false because it was fatalistic; false because it was unhistoric; and false because it involved a particular falsity about the very spirit of the great culture which the critic criticised. It is the whole point of that culture that it has been continuous; it was the whole point of the critic that it had been discontinuous and disconnected. He was not content to say that civilisations revolve in separate cycles, in the sense in which we might be said to belong to a different civilisation from the Druids. He cut up ordinary European history into chunks, that were supposed to have no more to do with each other than Chinese history and Aztec history. He chopped ordinary Christian history in two in the middle, in order to deny that either part of it was Christian. So far as I remember, he attributed the first half of it entirely to the Moslem Arabs, because they were not Christian; and the second half of it to people of the type of Faust, because they were rather fishy sort of Christians, and German as well. And he talked about these divisions as if they were like the abysses that might separate a stratum full of primordial crystals from a stratum, æons afterwards, containing the first fantastic traces of marsupial life.

Now, I am quite certain, as a matter of mere common sense, that the history of Christendom, or even the history of Europe, was never so fragmentary as

that. We are much more connected with the ancient Greeks than the German writer would allow us to be with the later mediævals, or even the earlier moderns. The sort of distinction he suggested only happens when a cycle of civilisation really dies, and then fossilises and remains as inscrutable as an ammonite. We have no idea what was the religion of the Cro-Magnons, though we infer from certain pictures of ritual dances (as well as from our own common sense) that they had one. We do not know the significance of the Cup and Ring Stones, though the fortunate and civilised of us still use rings, as in the case of wedding-rings, or cups even in the sense of wine-cups. We do not even know if we interpret the signs rightly, or whether they are signs at all. Now, the Greek gods have never

I think the fact worth recording at the moment for two reasons. The first is that the same energetic German author has just launched yet another book, of much less dignity and of much more dogmatism, reaffirming his theory, and especially the most gloomy and barbaric parts of it. The other is that there is a horrible possibility that what he says falsely about our past may be said truly about our present and our future. I mean that, hitherto, the men of our ancient tradition have done everything except forget. Whatever might be fanatical or ill-balanced about their religions or their revolutions, they have each, in turn, taken particular care to remember the deeds of their fathers. Even when they poisoned the purer Paganism of Homer and Pindar, they did not destroy it; they left it standing for ever against

them as a reproach. Even when they dethroned the Greek gods they did not dismiss them; in the first just fury they denounced them as devils, but in the long run they let them remain as elves. They let them remain as fanciful and fabulous figures, for literary metaphor or plastic decoration, so that Christendom has left the nymph in poetry or the cupid in sculpture. It is true that now, for the first time, the race that has always remembered is invited on every side to forget.

Yes; it is true that to-day, for the first time, our newspapers and our new politicians have asked us to forget, not what happened a thousand years ago or a hundred years ago, but what happened twenty years ago. When it is a question of shifting a policy or rehabilitating a politician, they will ask us to forget what happened two years ago or two months ago. Here, indeed, we have the great Spengler system, of total separation of one historical episode

from another. Here is the true trick of regarding ourselves as divided by æons and abysses not only from our fathers, but from ourselves. Thus, by reading the daily paper every day, and forgetting everything that it said on the previous day, we can divide human history into self-contained cycles; each consisting, not of five hundred years, but of twenty-four hours. By this means we can regard the politician we trusted last week as we regard the cave-man whose carvings we could not decipher in a hundred years. By this means we can consider the slogans and swaggering policies which we ourselves cheered only recently, as if they were hieroglyphics as unintelligible as the Cup and Ring Stones. This new quality of forgetfulness, in our current culture, does give some justification to the pessimism of the German professor; and if we accept such oblivion, then doubtless our "cycle" will really curl up like a worm on the floor and lie still for ever.



THE FOUNDATION OF AN EMPIRE ECONOMIC POLICY WELL AND TRULY LAID: THE FINAL PLENARY SESSION OF THE OTTAWA CONFERENCE—MR. O'KELLY (IRISH FREE STATE) SUPPORTING THE VOTE OF THANKS TO MR. BENNETT (PRESIDING AT HEAD OF CENTRE TABLE), PROPOSED BY MR. BALDWIN (SEATED NEXT TO THE CHAIRMAN ON THE FAR SIDE).

Our photograph shows the historic scene in the Canadian House of Commons on August 20, the final day of the Imperial Economic Conference at Ottawa, when the Agreements were signed. At the head of the table in front of the Speaker's chair sat Mr. R. B. Bennett, Premier of Canada, as Chairman. On his right (at the far side of the table, from right to left in the photograph) sat Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Coates (New Zealand), Mr. O'Kelly (Irish Free State) and Sir Atul Chatterjee (India). On Mr. Bennett's left were Mr. Bruce (Australia), Mr. Havenga (South Africa), Mr. Alderdice (Newfoundland), and Mr. Moffatt (Southern Rhodesia). Mr. Baldwin, as Chairman of the senior delegation, moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Bennett for presiding, and, on behalf of all the visiting delegations, presented him with a silver salver. Mr. Bruce seconded the resolution, and the other chief delegates spoke in support. After the return of the British delegation to this country, Mr. Baldwin declared in a broadcast address that the Conference had succeeded beyond expectation in its object of laying the foundation of an economic policy for the Empire. He recalled that it was the first economic conference of the whole Empire ever held out of London.

died in that fashion; and the Roman Empire has never died at all. Of the most modern industrial cities in England, many have in their very names the title of the Roman Camp; and wherever there stood the Roman Camp, there stood afterwards the Christian Cathedral. There was never one moment, in the long history from Herodotus to Herr Spengler, when all the men who counted in any age did not talk of The Fall of Troy; there was never a generation when young poets did not make that old tale a topic for new poems. I wonder whether a poem by Heredia about Antony, or a poem by Morris about Arthur, belongs to the dead Greek period or the dead Arabic period? There was never a generation when poets did not invoke Virgil, if only to imitate him. There was never a generation in which philosophers did not refer to Aristotle, if only to contradict him. The thread of our cultural continuity has never been broken.

## STRIKES AND RUMOURS OF STRIKES.

The top photograph in this column illustrates an incident during the delegate conference of London omnibusmen, on August 29, when they met to consider the new wage rates and other conditions of which the L.G.O.C. had given notice. Discontent had been caused by the wage reductions involved. Extremists among the busmen attempted a continuous demonstration outside Transport House, where the conference was taking place, but after a time they decided to hold a meeting of their own in an adjacent building. In Lancashire a general strike in the manufacturing section of the cotton industry began on August 29, when it was reported that about 75 per cent. of the 150,000 weavers and other union operatives had responded to the call of their federations to cease work. On the opening day of the strike very little disturbance was reported, although in some places, as at Blackburn and Todmorden, there was booing and jeering at those who continued at work in mills that remained open. Nelson, where one of the above photographs was taken, was among the towns in which all mills had stopped.



THE MENACE OF A LONDON OMNIBUS STRIKE: BUSMEN DEMONSTRATORS OUTSIDE TRANSPORT HOUSE, DURING A CONFERENCE, MARCHING OFF TO MEET ELSEWHERE.



THE LANCASHIRE COTTON STRIKE, AFFECTING 112,000 WEAVERS: A TYPICAL GROUP OF STRIKERS AT NELSON, WHERE ALL MILLS STOPPED WORK.



MILL HANDS ON STRIKE AT TODMORDEN—BOOING WORKERS ENTERING THE ONLY MILL THAT REMAINED OPEN: AN INCIDENT OF THE LANCASHIRE COTTON STOPPAGE.

## MOLLISON ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.



MOLLISON'S TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT: THE AIRMAN PHOTOGRAPHED IMMEDIATELY AFTER LANDING IN NEW BRUNSWICK, LOOKING WORN AND TIRED.



A WEARY HERO TAKING NOURISHMENT, INTERVIEWING A REPORTER, AND HOLDING AN ENTHUSIASTIC NEWS-SHEET: MOLLISON PHOTOGRAPHED SHORTLY AFTER HIS ARRIVAL.



THE OVATION GIVEN TO MOLLISON AT NEW YORK: THE AIRMAN BEING CONVEYED FROM THE AERODROME, ON WHICH HE HAD LANDED, ON THE ROOF OF A MOTOR-CAR UNDER POLICE ESCORT.

As noted in our last number, Mr. J. A. Mollison, already famous for record flights from Australia to England and from England to the Cape, recently added to his achievements by making the first East-to-West solo flight across the Atlantic in a smaller machine and with an engine of lower power than any previously used on the North Atlantic route. We also gave illustrations of the start and of his machine, "The Heart's Content," a Puss Moth with 120-h.p. Gipsy III. engine. Mr. Mollison landed on August 19 at Pennfield Ridge, New Brunswick, having traversed 2600 miles. Later he proceeded to New York, and left again on August 28 for St. John, New Brunswick, on his way to Harbour Grace. He was advised by Dr. Kimball that conditions were favourable for the journey to St. John, but that weather over the Atlantic was likely to continue bad for several days. Fog compelled him to land in a field. It was announced that he would make his return flight across the Atlantic from Harbour Grace when weather conditions were favourable.

## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE WOMEN'S AIR ENDURANCE RECORD BROKEN IN THE U.S.A.: MRS. MARSAIS AND MRS. THADEN PHOTOGRAPHED ON LANDING.

After flying for 196 hours, and breaking the women's endurance flight record, Mrs. Frances Marsalis and Mrs. Louise Thaden, landed at Curtiss Field, New York, on August 22. They broke the previous record by 73 hours. They took off at 2 p.m. on August 14.



MR. H. G. WATKINS: THE YOUNG ENGLISH EXPLORER WHO WAS DROWNED OFF GREENLAND.

Mr. H. G. Watkins, the young Arctic explorer and the leader of the Greenland Air Survey Expedition, was drowned on August 20, when he went out alone seal-hunting in a kayak (or Eskimo canoe), which was later in the day found empty. Both rifle and throwing stick were missing. It is presumed that, being for some reason unable to right the kayak, Mr. Watkins abandoned it and tried to swim to land; but the water there being below freezing point, was drowned.



MESSRS. J. BOCKHON (LEFT) AND C. LEE, THE FLYERS FROM NEWFOUNDLAND TO OSLO, REPORTED MISSING.

At the time of writing, no news had been heard of Messrs. Clyde Lee and John Bockhon, who left Harbour Grace on August 25 to fly to Oslo in their machine, the "Green Mountain Boy." They had sufficient fuel on board for 37 hours' flying, but they hoped to complete the journey in 30 hours' flying. At the time when they were due to arrive, weather conditions at Oslo were good, and a westerly wind was blowing.



MRS. R. O. HAMBRO.

Wife of the Chairman of Hambro's Bank Ltd., and a well-known golfer; lost her life in a speed-boat accident on Loch Ness on August 29. The boat caught fire, and Mrs. Hambro was drowned while swimming to the shore.



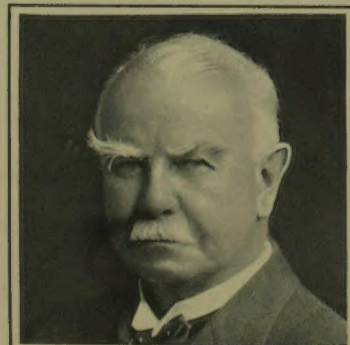
THE MARQUESS OF NORMANBY.

Died August 25, aged eighty-five. Vicar of Worsley, 1872-90. Canon of St. George's, Windsor, 1891-1907. Later he turned Mulgrave Castle into a preparatory school, of which he himself was headmaster.



LIEUT.-COMMANDER C. W. BOWER.

Appointed to succeed Commander W. E. Frowse as Captain-Superintendent of the "Arethusa" training-ship, which is a branch of the Shaftesbury Homes, and trains boys for the Navy and the Mercantile Marine.



SIR JAMES EWING.

President of the British Association, 1932; who is taking the chair at the meeting of the Association at York. Was Director of Naval Education, 1903-16. Member of the Explosives Committee, 1903-6.



THE ABBOT OF BUCKFAST.

Dom Anscar Vonier, under whom the rebuilding of Buckfast Abbey (see illustrations on page 357) has been carried out, was the companion of the original Abbot, and, like him, a native of South Germany. In 1922, at the opening of the church, he paid tribute to the "glorious fairness of England," and the freedom from official interference.



YORKSHIRE'S CRICKET CAPTAIN

Yorkshire, by a victory over Hampshire on August 26 at Bournemouth, were assured of the County Cricket Championship. They won by 172 runs. In their subsequent match with Sussex there was some doubt as to whether they would win at first; but they were victors by 167 runs. Yorkshire's captain, A. B. Sellers, is seen here.



SULTAN KHAN: THE BRITISH CHESS CHAMPION, WITH THE TROPHY.

The eleventh and final round of all tournaments in the Annual Congress of the British Chess Federation was played on August 26, with the result that Sultan Khan won the British Championship for the second time by drawing with W. A. Fairhurst. Sultan Khan scored 8½ points.



BRITISH DELEGATES TO THE OTTAWA CONFERENCE PHOTOGRAPHED ON THEIR RETURN.

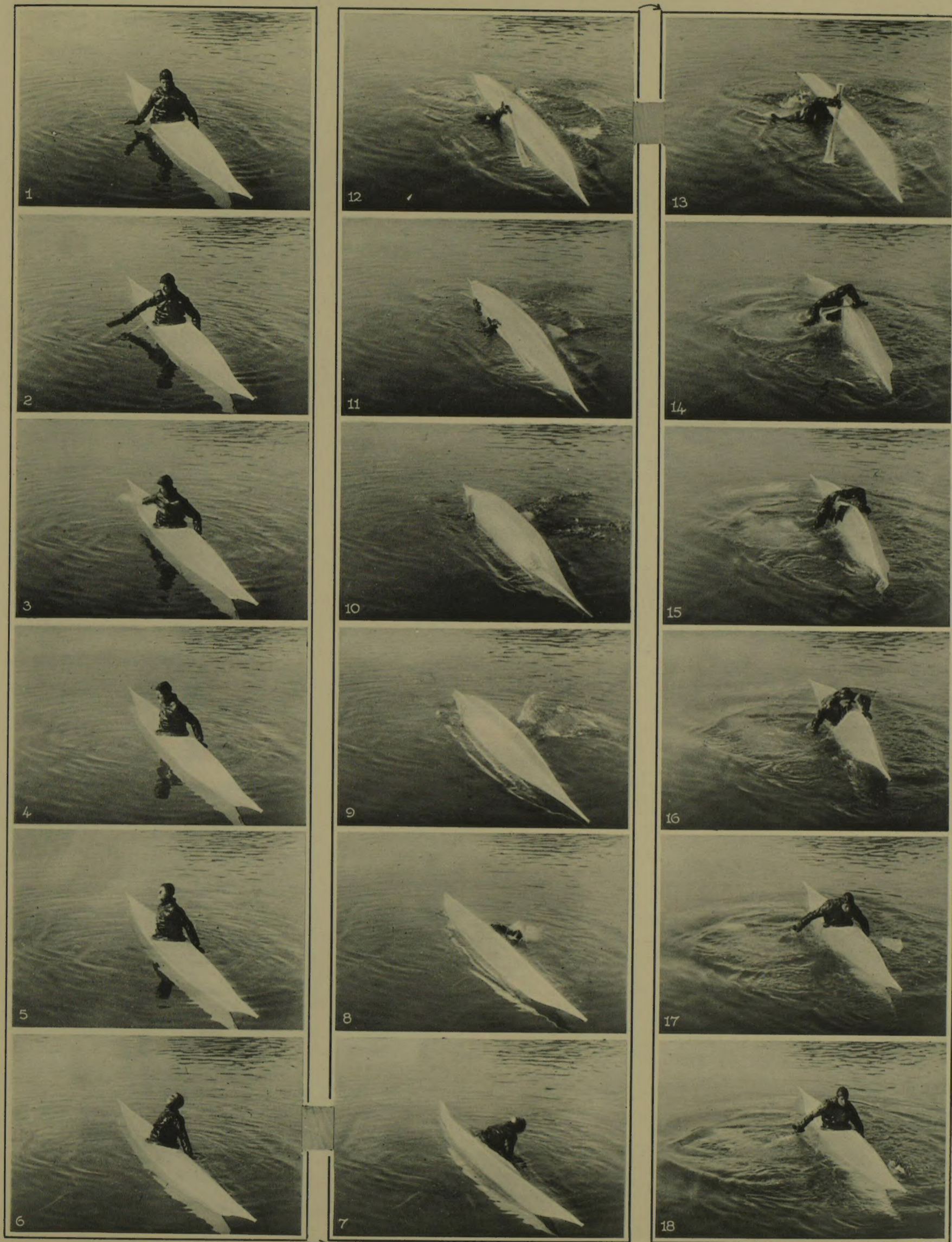
The British delegates to Ottawa arrived at Southampton on August 26, in the C.P.R. liner "Empress of Britain." As the ship entered Southampton Water, flying boats and aeroplanes dived in salute, and ships sounded their sirens. In our photograph are seen (from left to right) Sir John Gilmour, Mr. J. H. Thomas, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, and Mr. Stanley Baldwin.



THE CHRISTENING OF LADY MAY ABEL SMITH'S DAUGHTER: A GROUP AT KENSINGTON PALACE, WITH THE FATHER AND MOTHER BESIDE THE BABY.

The christening of the infant daughter of Captain and Lady May Abel Smith took place at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, on the afternoon of August 27. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and the Earl of Athlone (the father and mother of Lady May Abel Smith, seen on the right) were present—the Princess standing proxy for H.M. the Queen, who was the principal godmother. Princess Sibylla of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding, was another royal godparent, and for her Lady (Murray) Anderson stood proxy.

# THE LATE MR. WATKINS AS AN EXPERT CONTROLLER OF AN ESKIMO KAYAK.



MAKING A KAYAK CAPSIZE AND RIGHT ITSELF: A DEMONSTRATION BY THE LATE EXPLORER.

The photographs above are extracts from the cine-film, "Northern Lights," which shows in a most interesting way the work and adventures of the British Arctic Air Route Expedition, which was led by Mr. H. C. Watkins. One section of the film shows members of the Expedition learning how to control their kayaks (hunting canoes), which so easily upset. As is shown by our photographs, Mr. Watkins became an expert in deliberately turning over sideways in his kayak, going under water as the boat overturned, and then coming up as the boat

resumed its normal floating position. The seal-skin jacket, as worn by Mr. Watkins, fits closely to the neck and wrists, and also between the wearer's waist and the man-hole of the kayak, in order to prevent the kayak from water-logging when capsizing. The sequence of action of the complete evolution may be followed by examining the photographs, first column downwards, middle column upwards, and the third column downwards. It will be remembered that Mr. Watkins met his death while out on a seal-hunting expedition in a kayak.

# TURKEY FROM WITHIN.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF  
**"GOLDEN HORN." By F. YEATS-BROWN.\***

(PUBLISHED BY VICTOR GOLLANCZ, LTD.)

EVEN without the aid of a thunderstorm, this book would have kept us wide awake until the break of day. It is, as we should expect from the author of "A Bengal Lancer," attractively written; not only is it a chronicle of the most lively adventures, but the experiences which it records are fined and sharpened by a highly sensitive imagination. Many of its scenes and much of its atmosphere are gruesome; but, while terrible facts are never cloaked in euphemism, the *macabre* does not suffer from over-emphasis. Technically, the construction of the book is open to the objection that it is designed in two different parts which are not closely enough interrelated. The first hundred pages are concerned with the political history of Turkey and the part which she played in the events leading up to the Great War. This is impersonal, though not entirely uncontroversial; the remainder of the book is a personal record of experience; and the transition from the one key to the other is somewhat abrupt.

For ourselves, however, we should feel it ungrateful to press the technical criticism, since we derived nothing but pleasure and interest from the picture of the last days of Abdul Hamid II, and the convulsions of Turkey before she was plunged into her greatest, and (as it turned out) her regenerating agony. The "Great Assassin," for all his frailties and his sins, might well regard sardonically, from his miserable exile, the results of democratic experiments in his distracted country—

"a medley of races and religions as amiably disposed to each other as a basketful of rattlesnakes." Mr. Yeats-Brown does not palliate the almost incredibly medieval conditions which, only yesterday, prevailed in Turkey, and nothing is more certain than that the system could not have continued indefinitely. For at least the Terrible Turk was no hypocrite; and this writer, who certainly has no reason to be a Turcophile, is justly severe upon the cynicism and rapacity of the "Vultures of Christendom," who pecked the flesh of the Sick Man of Europe the moment he was too sick to offer resistance. No doubt there is much to be said on both sides, but the Turkish case was worth putting, and is here well put.

These, however, are large political issues concerning which there will never be unanimity, and we must turn to our author's own personal experiences of Turkey at war. In November 1915, he "came swooping down out of the skies of Mesopotamia in an attempt to cut a telegraph line leading to Baghdad." Unfortunately he could not swoop up again, and he and his pilot, very luckily escaping immediate death at the hands of their Arab captors, were led off to Baghdad, where the populace were with difficulty prevented from rending in pieces the airmen whom they believed to have bombed their mosques. From Baghdad the prisoners were sent to Mosul—a Gethsemane. The prisoners, many of them already exhausted by long and unnecessary forced marches, were kept in conditions of indescribable filth and wretchedness, and were dying at the rate of two or three a day. Only the unexpected intervention, through the Sublime Porte itself, of a German friend of pre-war days saved Mr. Yeats-Brown from this charnel house. He was lucky in being provided with adequate funds; for it goes without saying that it was impossible to obtain any privilege, consideration, or justice anywhere in Turkey without hard cash.

Passing through Aleppo, half-dead with the epidemic fever which few escaped, the author arrived at Afion-Karahissar, a town in the centre of Anatolia. Here there was a motley collection of prisoners—"Russian, French, British; naval, military, civilian; in odd mixtures of uniform and bazaar clothes, and some in fancy dress to

mark the occasion." The mad British, as usual, showed a levity quite incompatible with the seriousness of their situation; and, to humble their presumptuous spirits, they were subjected to a "strafe" of particularly harsh conditions. Nearly every member of that lost legion had come, as the chapter-heading acquaints us, "out of great tribulation," and many of them had survived only by a miracle. For example: "One of the Dardanelles prisoners had been dragged as a supposed corpse to the Turkish trenches and there built into the parapet. He was not dead, but stunned; when he came to life the Turks began to bayonet him to avoid disturbing the earthwork, but orders had been issued by Liman von Sanders that a few prisoners were required for intelligence purposes, and he was spared. He was none the worse now for his experience except that he suffered slightly from deafness, as his ear had formed the base of a loophole." Tedium, discomfort (which reached its height in the bitter winter of 1916) and under-nourishment, were relieved by such distractions as ingenuity could devise; but the strain of monotony and inaction in such a place may well be imagined. Escape was almost impossible, but Mr. Yeats-Brown fixed his hopes and his schemes upon the more diverting surroundings of Constantinople. His method of being transferred thither, on a medical certificate, was subtle and effective; by indulgence in opium *pro hac vice* (we mean no equivocate), he ingratiated himself with a young Samian, who, in his turn was in the good graces (if the term can be used of such a depraved monster) of the Commandant of the camp. A brief residence in Turkey soon imparts skill in the refinements and the intricacies of intrigue!

In the hospital at Constantinople there were greater freedom and far more varied interests; but it was necessary for the patient to develop some ailment which justified his presence there. With singular resource and stoicism, he underwent, with the aid of surgery and Yoga, a sort of non-committal semi-initiation into Mahomedanism. And now he first learned of the White Lady of Pera, who combined (we are left to gather) the functions of a ministering angel with those of an extremely valuable agent of the Allies. Turkey was already beginning to crumble, and the supervision of prisoners, together with other forms of discipline, seems to have been slackening; at all events, by

ruses which few novelists have excelled, Mr. Yeats-Brown and a companion contrived to get in touch with the White Lady and to discover a hiding-place which would take them in if they could succeed in escaping.

Escape they did, by a plan "whose chief merit was its apparent impossibility," but a plan based on the simple but accurate calculation that "sentries rarely look upwards, and rarely look for things they don't expect." At the house of the kindly but mercenary Themistoclé the fugitives were tolerably safe, but even the sweets of liberty may be impaired by the persecutions of Turkish household livestock! A change was highly desirable, and so was freedom of movement. For this, an effective disguise was necessary, and, with the aid of the White Lady, the British cavalry officer became the German governess, Josephine. To judge by her photograph, we should describe her as a woman of strong character and a somewhat severe guardian of youth. She roused no suspicion, however, and she was sufficiently feminine to have an irresistible fascination for a certain Russian officer-prisoner, who was about to be repatriated and who planned to take her *alter ego* with him. Unfortunately,

the Russian officer departed suddenly and unexpectedly for Tiflis (there to be killed by Bolsheviks), and Josephine was left without any obvious *raison d'être*. It must, in any case, be irksome to be a German governess who has to shave surreptitiously three or four times a day, and Josephine decided to become a Hungarian mechanic. (We applaud his make-up, as illustrated, but we cannot refrain from asking what in the world a down-at-heel Hungarian mechanic was doing with a monocle?)

Alas! the mechanic was captured, among a mixed bag, at the too-hospitable house of Themistoclé. From the comparatively comfortable civil prison he passed to a noisome den in the military prison. "I found myself in a long, low room, below ground level, filthy with tomato skins and bits of bread. Well-fed rats were scurrying amongst the garbage, and badly-fed prisoners were gnawing crusts of bread. A fat man—the only fat man in that ravenous crew—was twiddling his thumbs in a corner. In another corner an elderly Jew was combing his beard and looking at himself in a broken mirror; except for these two, the prisoners gathered round me, clamouring for news and cigarettes, and gibing at my appearance. Poor devils, living as they did down there, where there were no rumours of the outside world except the cries of beaten men (baiting new prisoners was a diversion not to be resisted). Some of them tried to pick my pockets." The usual bribery obtained better quarters, but quarters of solitary confinement, the torments of which the author describes feelingly.

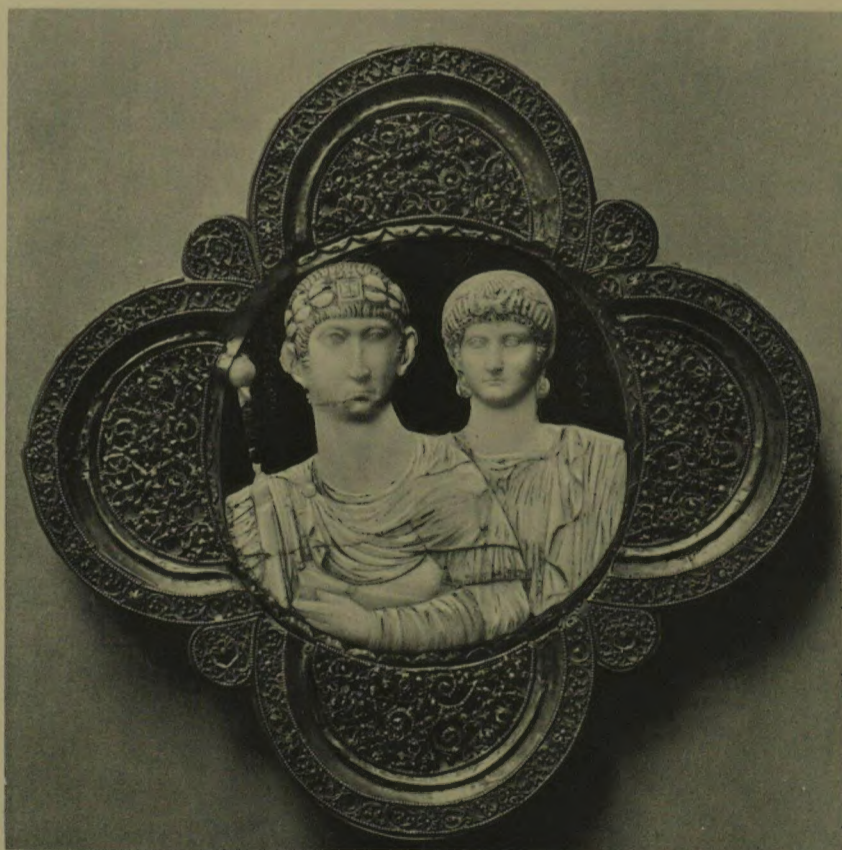
A welcome diversion was supplied by a charming and affable young Turk, one of the numerous sons-in-law of a Sultan, who was undergoing a light penalty for the offence of misplaced affection in the harem. After one ineffectual attempt at escape, Mr. Yeats-Brown eventually found freedom by the simple expedient of walking out of the main gates of the prison with a crowd of Greek clerks. Once in the European quarter of Pera, he and his companion were safe, for Turkey's part in the war was rapidly drawing to a close. The last escapade was to steal a car for certain secret purposes of the Allies, prescribed by the White Lady; and, not to do things by halves, these irrepressibles filched the chariot of Liman von Sanders himself!

And so, "at last, on November the 13th—just three years after I had crashed in Iraq—the morning arrived when sixteen miles of fighting ships steamed slowly through the Dardanelles and cast anchor off the Golden Horn." A nightmare, filled with every shape of horror—and yet a high adventure, humming with every unit of life's highest voltage. As Mr. Yeats-Brown recollects emotion over tea and pipe in the (comparative) tranquillity of Chelsea, we wonder whether the horror or the thrill predominates! Probably he himself would find it difficult to say.—C. K. A.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A FINE TURKISH JUG WITH SIXTEENTH-CENTURY SILVER-GILT MOUNTS.

This jug, of a buff-coloured ware coated with a white slip and painted with tulips and leaves in bright colours, with a clear glaze over all, is a particularly fine example of the potter's art as practised in Turkey at the period mentioned. The silver-gilt mounts bear the Utrecht hall-mark, and the character of the decoration suggests that they were made about 1580. The jug was acquired in 1904 with the aid of the National Art Collections Fund.



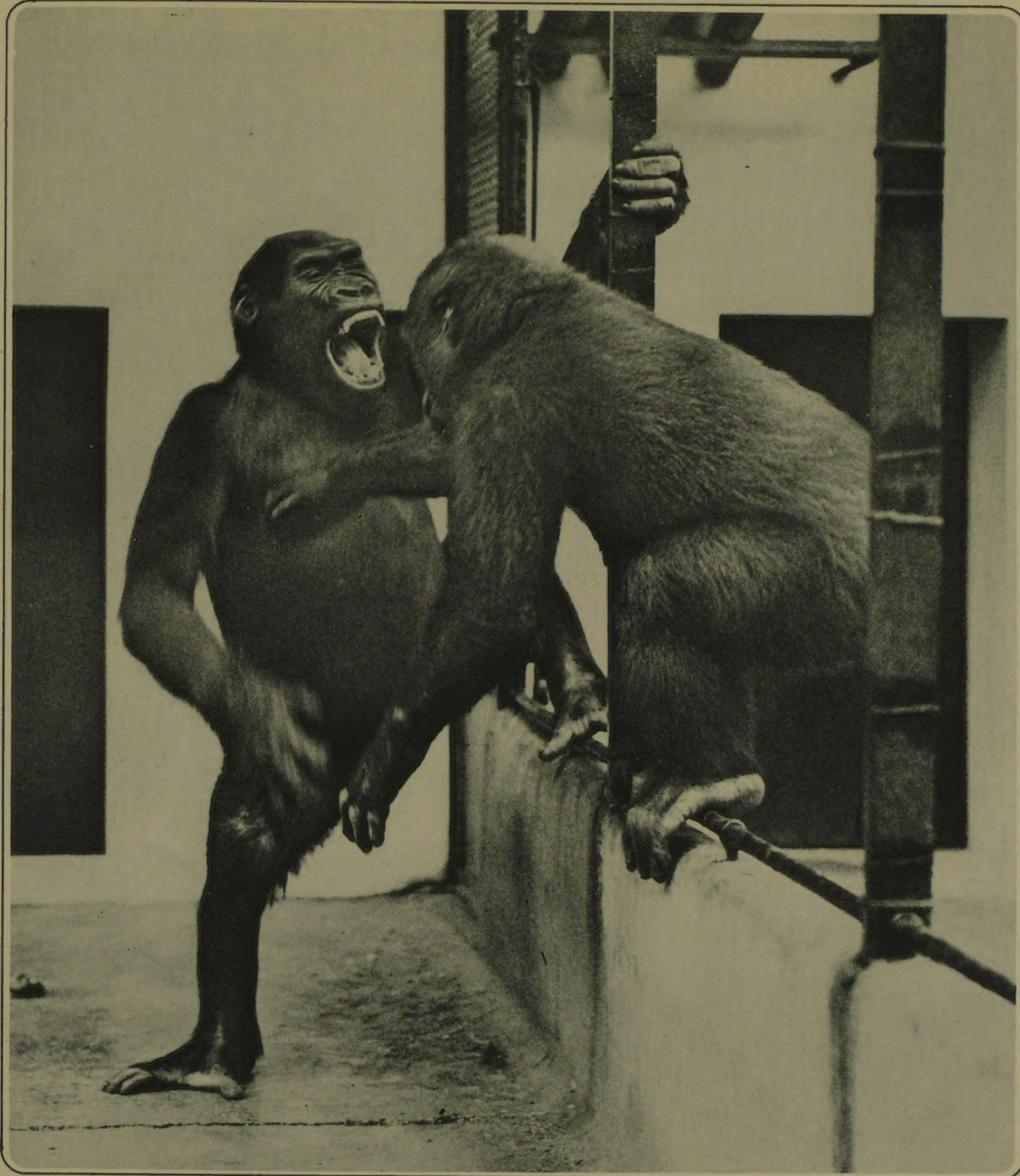
A REMARKABLE PIECE OF BYZANTINE JEWELLERY: THE CAMEO OF THE EMPEROR HONORIUS (395-423 A.D.) AND EMPRESS MARIA, IN THE ROTHSCHILD COLLECTION AT PARIS, WITH THE FILIGREE SETTING MADE FOR IT IN THE THIRTEENTH OR FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

It is considered that the names of the two saints, Sergius and Bacchus, scratched on the cameo of Honorius and Maria prove that it was not interred, with much of the Emperor's treasure and jewellery, in his tomb at Rome (opened several times during the Middle Ages and Renaissance and the treasure dispersed). M. Salomon Reinach is reported to have given it as his opinion that it was taken from a church in Constantinople to Venice, and there given the filigree setting (shown above) in the thirteenth or fourteenth century. Thence it was taken to Spain, and passed into the Rothschild collection at Paris about 1860.

\* "Golden Horn." By F. Yeats-Brown. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd.; 3s. 6d. net.)

## THE NEW PAIR OF GORILLAS NOW THE "ZOO'S" MOST POPULAR ATTRACTION.

SINCE we illustrated in our last issue the pair of gorillas, named Monina and Mok, which had just arrived at the "Zoo," they have quite settled down in their new quarters, and are described as "the most remarkable anthropoid apes the Zoological Society ever possessed." They are thoroughly accustomed to human beings, and soon made friends with their keeper. With healthy appetites and high spirits, they are quite happy, romping and wrestling or playing hide-and-seek all day long, like two big children. At first they were allowed in the open air only for a short time in the middle of the day, as they had been used to high temperatures, but, as they become acclimatised, they will probably take open-air exercise even in winter. To prevent them catching colds from visitors, glass screens were erected between them and the public. Their first owner advised brushing their skins occasionally with paraffin and water, to remove parasites. It has been pointed out that monkeys are usually free from fleas or lice, and that "it will be another human trait" if these gorillas harbour vermin. They come from the French Congo, and were bought, at "a very large price," from Mme. Capagorry (wife of the French Administrator), who had kept them, in excellent condition, for over two years. The Superintendent of the "Zoo," Dr. Ververs, went over to Bordeaux to arrange the purchase, and brought them home. The male is aged about seven, and the female, slightly bigger, about eight.



"THE MOST REMARKABLE ANTHROPOID APES THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY HAS EVER POSSESSED": MONINA AND MOK, THE NEW GORILLAS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS IN REGENT'S PARK—(ABOVE) ROMPING TOGETHER LIKE CHILDREN; (BELOW) IN THEIR OPEN-AIR CAGE AND MUCH INTERESTED IN OBSERVING HUMAN VISITORS, FROM WHOM THEY ARE DIVIDED BY GLASS SCREENS TO PREVENT RISK OF INFECTION FROM COLDS IN THE HEAD.



## TUNNY AS A NEW BRITISH FOOD; AND AS A BIG-GAME FISH.

WITH ARTICLE BY L. MITCHELL-HENRY.

1.  
MR. L. MITCHELL-HENRY, the famous big-game angler and pioneer of tunny-fishing in English waters, writes: "Tunny should soon be a food to be found on any typical British table. The public are already interested in the capture of these fish, and those that have been offered for sale have been welcomed as excellent. It now remains to prove that this new industry is available to our fishermen, our fish merchants, and the public. The experimental work has been successfully accomplished; it is now time to launch out on a commercial basis, as is done abroad. The possibilities were proved when I caught the first tunny in British waters in 1930, by landing a 560-lb. fish at Scarborough, but this fish, unfortunately, after exhibition became unfit for food. The 560-lb. fish that I caught last year was duly sent to Harrogate, and was sold in a few hours, giving every satisfaction to the consumers. Another, caught by a foreign trawler, was afterwards brought to London, and found a ready market. Besides the use of this fish fresh, there is a still greater opening for the canning industry. On the Continent, and in Canada, there is a great deal of this fish sold canned

(Continued in Box 2.)



BIG-GAME FISHING WITH ROD AND LINE CLOSE TO THE ENGLISH SHORE: COLONEL E. T. PEEL, WHO RECENTLY CAUGHT FOUR TUNNY IN TWO DAYS, TRYING HIS LUCK OFF SCARBOROUGH.

2.  
like salmon, and on the Continent there is also tunny in oil, a delicious delicacy, obtainable in this country also, at the somewhat prohibitive price of 2s. for a small jar or tin containing about  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. The value of a fish of 500 lb. or more is therefore considerable. I am most anxious that this matter should be taken up and developed here, for many reasons. Here is a golden opportunity for the fishermen of our trawler and drifter fleets to reap rewards, and for our budding canning industry to open up a new source of wealth. The fish are now well known to our fishing fleets, and are met constantly in the North Sea. It only remains to equip our men with suitable gear, and instruct them in the methods to be employed, to secure a good and regular supply of these fish. The methods vary with the districts, depth of water, and, principally, the actions of the fish. In the waters of Denmark and Norway they are taken on baited hook and line attached to a large drum, which acts as a float and exhausts the efforts of the fish to swim deep. Off Nova Scotia, where I caught the first to be taken in the open ocean on rod and line, they are caught in large, permanent

(Continued in Box 3.)



TUNNY-FISHING GEAR: (L. TO R.) MR. HAROLD HARDY WITH A LEATHER JERKIN WORN TO TAKE THE STRAIN OF THE PULL; COL. PEEL, WITH SPECIAL ROD; AND AN ARAB SEAMAN WITH GAFF.



A GIANT SPECIMEN OF THE FISH WHICH, IT IS SUGGESTED, MIGHT BE THE BASIS OF A NEW BRITISH INDUSTRY: A TUNNY, CAUGHT OFF SCARBOROUGH BY COLONEL PEEL, HUNG ON HIS YACHT, THE "ST. GEORGE."

3.  
trap-nets. To me these great fish have been for years a most interesting study, and their actions are variable and quite unaccountable. For instance, they are often met round the fishing fleets picking up those fish that fall from the nets. At these times, the rod-and-line angler is practically sure to hook one. Then again, I have seen them literally in thousands, every day for weeks on end, what I term 'travelling,' i.e., all going in one direction at considerable speed, at only a few feet below the surface. A 'school' of these 'travelling' fish can be seen for miles, the sea having what might be called a 'hump.' When this is seen, the market fisherman in his motor-boat comes up behind them and goes with them and harpoons as many as he can, from a 'pulpit' built out over the bow of his boat, with a hand-harpoon, to which a barrel is attached, round which the harpoon line is wound. I have assisted in sending away forty large fish in one evening, averaging 400 lb. apiece, bringing 6d. per lb. in the open market. These fish 'travelling' will not feed; I have drawn a bait through these 'schools' hundreds of times and never once had it touched, though the fish were all round me, all going in the one direction. I can only liken it to being in a broad river of fish going at great speed. Another remarkable fact is that a few miles up or down the coast these fish are not 'travelling' and will take a bait, and this is in the same months—August and September. Off other coasts they appear to 'round-up' their food-fish and will

(Continued in Box 4.)



EVIDENCE THAT TUNNY WOULD BE APPRECIATED AS A FOOD BY THE BRITISH PUBLIC, IF PROPERLY PLACED ON THE MARKET: A SCARBOROUGH FISHMONGER FINDS A BRISK DEMAND.

4.  
suddenly rush at them, a strange sight which can be seen for miles. The sea boils and the spray is thrown up in the air with the food fish, as the huge fish dart into the 'school' of herring or whatever they have corralled; gulls flock to the scene, and this generally lasts from 5 to 10 minutes, after which all is calm again. At other times one meets solitary fish 'cruising,'—that is, swimming slowly along with the back-fin well out and the nose of the fish pushing the water forward with the regular beats of its tail. This is the chance for the harpoon shoulder-gun, if one can get within, at most, 20 yards. Another noticeable fact with regard to these fish is their size. Fish of 600 to 800 lb. are found from Cape Breton to, say, Liverpool, N.S. Off Block Island, U.S., where there is an angling club, they average 80 to 100 lb. Off Seabright and Long Branch, U.S., they are very large, but off California the largest caught by anglers in thirty years was 251 lb. At Concarneau, the little port in South Brittany famous for its tunny fleet, they are of under 100 lb., and are taken on a 'fly' made from the flower of the maize plant to resemble a flying fish. The catching and canning of them is and

has been an established industry for over a century. I am well acquainted with the various methods suited to our fishermen, if only someone connected with the fleets will bestir themselves. The market is there ready, and I have arranged a fixed wholesale price. Surely in these times such a source of income, of employment, and of food will not be permitted to go begging through lack of initiative."

NOTE.—The World's Record Tunny of 798 lb. was caught by Colonel Peel on August 30, off Scarborough, thus beating Mr. Zane Grey's record by 40 lb.

## A SYMBOL OF OUR TIME: "ALADDIN'S LAMPS" OF WIRELESS.



VITAL PARTS OF RADIO BROADCASTING APPARATUS: LARGE VALVES USED IN THE TRANSMISSION OF WIRELESS WAVES.

This subject may fittingly be added to those previously published in our pages illustrating typical "Symbols of Our Time" in the world of mechanism and invention. The photograph shows a bank of large valves such as are used in wireless transmitting stations for broadcasting speech and music into the homes of radio listeners. The valves are the most important part of the transmitting equipment, as it is by the action of one or more of them that the electrical

effect, derived from sounds produced before the microphone in a broadcasting studio, is made to modulate the high-frequency currents, which, as "wireless waves," are shot into space from the transmitting aerial. The world is indebted to Sir John Ambrose Fleming for the invention of the thermionic valve, as he was the first to apply it for wireless use. His valve contained a "filament" and a "plate," but subsequently Dr. Lee de Forest added the "grid."

# The World of the Theatre.

## PROBLEMS OF CONTROL OVER CHARACTER AND PLOT.

THE story is told that while Thackeray was writing "Vanity Fair," he threw down his pen with the exclamation, "By Heavens! I never knew Becky would say that!" It may be apocryphal, but, in the words of Bottom the Weaver, "it grows to a point"; for in all truly creative effort the creator not only possesses his work but is possessed by it. Did not Scott himself confess that he had to jump over ditch and dyke to get into his story again, a confession that illuminates the secret of the vitality of his characters and reveals the weaknesses of his plot structure. In the novel, which permits digression and elaboration, we have a form of literature which is expansive, and the disciplines of form are not tyrannical, though even the most ardent Scott reader must admit that a greater attention to the architecture of his novels would have intensified their grip. A passing reference to Hardy in this connection demonstrates the values of form even in the liberal medium of the novel. But form demands intellectual and conscious control, and the problem of the creative artist is to wed the unconscious creative impulse to the deliberation of the craftsman's mind.

In the theatre—which, by the way, is the home of the play and the actor, as Mr. Leon M. Lion reminded us, when he revived the first of his Galsworthy cycle in the midst of an activity concerned only with shows and non-stop variety—the dramatist is under compulsion to put his theme under strict control, for the "two hours traffic of the stage" postulates singleness of purpose and concentration of resources, if the effects desired are not to be dissipated. There, however, rests the playwright's peril. He is ever in danger of being so aware of his plot—its situations and climaxes—that the cold

Maurier recites those opening lines of Wordsworth's sonnet on "Westminster Bridge," as he points to the breaking dawn, symbol of their new love, and when Miss Gertrude Lawrence remembers them, as she stares out of the window on that fateful morning when she learns that Gordon, her lover, is dead. There was a sudden electric contact, a keying-up of the emotions under the spell of that poetry, but the dialogue shared nothing of this rapture and agony of spirit, and we were onlookers again.

It may seem pedantic to quote Aristotle, but the Stagyrite had fathomed this problem of necessary balance between character and plot, this reconciliation between the deeper forces and the outward volition. He compares the plot to the outline of a portrait and the characters to the colours. This may be an emotive rather than a logical comparison, but it does make clear that the structure of the plot represents the artist's sense of form, and beauty of form is the product of energy at its highest pressure. It is the pressure that is lacking in Mr. John van Druten's dialogue; the spiritual driving force from which alone tragedy can grow. Lear is greater than Volpone because the action of Shakespeare's play organises far stronger and deeper impulses than Ben Jonson's. The symbol in "Behold, We Live" only gains an adventitious life because it is only the prison and not the vessel of experience. The prose of the author's rational mind puts fetters on his characters.

And if we examine Mr. Galsworthy's "Loyalties," now being revived at the Garrick, we shall see that Mr. Lion's claim, which he made in acknowledgment of the enthusiastic applause at the fall of the curtain, that the play belongs to "the great heritage of drama," cannot be substantiated. It is admirable theatre, brilliantly constructed and cunningly contrived to display the text that "faith and loyalty are not enough." The characters

are drawn with sure touches of observation, and the dialogue in its economy and point continually focusses the attention on the conflicting loyalties. There is a brilliantly effective stage contrast between the portraits of the Jew and the Gentile, and the tragedy at the close comes as the only honourable solution. These are rare merits, and leave no room for frivolous criticism, and they should draw the attention of all earnest play-goers to the play; but here again we have an illustration of the stress on design, the exercise of the conscious deliberate mind at

the expense of essential truth. I will not discuss again the fallacies and assumptions which constitute the factors of the plot, by no means obvious, so deftly is it manipulated, nor detail the moves on Mr. Galsworthy's chess-board. But, unlike Mr. van Druten, whose attitude is



"BEHOLD, WE LIVE" AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: (L. TO R.) GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AS SARAH CAZENOVE, SIR GERALD DU MAURIER AS GORDON EVERS, AND MAY WHITTY AS DAME FRANCES EVERS.

"Behold, We Live" is the new play by Mr. John van Druten. Together with "Loyalties," it is discussed in an extremely interesting article by our dramatic critic on this page.

discipline he enforces to regimentate his action robs the characters he has set in being of their initiative, reducing them to puppets answering the word of command, or, at best, devitalises the dialogue till it takes the colour of the author's mind instead of surging as the inevitable expression of the characters, and therefore inexorably gripping by its truth.

I felt this particularly in the production of Mr. John van Druten's "Behold, we Live" at the St. James's, for this modern tragedy fails to establish the tragic mood, in spite of the excellence of the players, just because the conscious control of the dramatist is too assertive. All that masterly craftsmanship and stage experience can bring is in the play, and to it has been added sincerity of purpose and reasoned insight into the characterisation. The theme is simple and carefully developed; the symbol of the dawn is well chosen and apt in its use, and the essence of the story, which deals with the beauty of a true love that death itself can never destroy, is never blurred by false sentiment. But that word holds both the merits and the cardinal weakness of the play, for "love that is awakened so," rises above sentiment, however chastely expressed, and takes flight. Prose then gives way to poetry, and the characters themselves, possessed by the splendours of their ecstasy, communicate the glory of their hour in language that burns with its own fire. This never happens, and we are sensibly aware when Sir Gerald du



AN AMUSING SCENE FROM "BEHOLD, WE LIVE": SIR GERALD DU MAURIER AS GORDON EVERS AND GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AS SARAH CAZENOVE, BLOWING SOAP-BUBBLES.



"LOYALTIES," AT THE GARRICK: (LEFT TO RIGHT), COLIN CLIVE, MAISIE DARRELL, AND CATHLEEN NESBITT AS CAPTAIN DANCY, MABEL DANCY, AND MARGARET ORME.

Mr. John Galsworthy's famous play has been revived by Mr. Leon M. Lion. The plot, it will be remembered, turns on the case of a rich young Jew with social aspirations, and the society caste mobilised against him when he accuses one of them (Captain Dancy) of theft.

detached and meticulously observant, Mr. Galsworthy is a passionate agonist of life, and so his dialogue takes on a deceiving glow. The warmth belongs to the stage and has no inner compulsion. It is a poster colour, vivid, but not lasting, and so it is not high tragedy but brilliant melodrama that is achieved. Why? Because the complicated structure has been erected with precision and accuracy, and the exercise of building and demonstrating the sense of the plan, summed up in the theme, has been too conscious to allow the characters to shape their own destiny.

In light comedy, which seeks no more distant target than pleasant entertainment, we move on a different plane. The playwright, in such a medium, is concerned only with external incident and in weaving a pattern which will delight us by its ingenuities of dialogue and surprise of situation. His realm is among the sophistications and he organises his material to establish a gay mood. This does not preclude the moment when the mask is dropped and deeper emotions break through the crust of artificialities. There is a passage in Congreve's comedy "The Way of the World," where Millamant and Mirabel, in their mocking laughter, blow all the insincerities to the four winds, and Comedy takes a graver expression. This Mr. Phillip Leaver, in his new piece, "To-morrow will be Friday," at the Haymarket, cannot yet do, for the moment he forsakes the gay irresponsibilities in Lady Immingham's drawing-room and plunges into a story of theft and blackmail in apparent earnestness, we are uneasy, and only the brilliant resource of Miss Marie Tempest makes it acceptable. Fortunately it is but a passing mood, and once he is again embarked on the rippling waters of comedy we forget the solemnities and are laughing again. The perfect acting of Miss Tempest, Mr. Leon Quartermaine, and the rest of the company, is in tune with the brittle qualities of the piece, for if we stop to ask why the play is so amusing we realise how much we owe to the players. Mr. Leaver is a newcomer to the theatre (though known as an actor) and shows that when he allows his mind to dance on the amusing surface of things he can awake in us a response, but he must beware of the tyranny of a plot which drives him out of his course, and wrecks the mood he

has established on the rocks he has not charted. The lightest and most fragile of comedy demands not only spontaneity and humorous comment on the little absurdities which put their gloss on life, but a preservation of the mood. To leave the surface and dig deep the wells, unless urged by a revealing perception, is to smash the porcelain which by its qualities of brittle charm and fantastic design intrigues our interest and awakes our laughter.

G. F. H.

# HINDENBURG IMPERSONATED IN THE NEW "TANNENBERG" FILM.



A SCENE FROM THE NEW GERMAN WAR FILM, "TANNENBERG," PARTLY MADE DURING THE ACTUAL CAMPAIGN IN 1914: GENERAL LUDENDORFF (LEFT), AS CHIEF OF STAFF, PLANNING OPERATIONS.



IMPERSONATORS OF GERMAN LEADERS, IN THE FILM, CLOSELY RESEMBLING THE ORIGINALS SEEN IN THE GROUP BELOW: (L. TO R. AT BACK), LUDENDORFF (HENRY PLESS), HINDENBURG (KARL KOERNER), AND HOFFMANN (HANS MÜLHOFFER).



THE VICTOR OF TANNENBERG, NOW PRESIDENT OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC, AS IMPERSONATED IN THE FILM: HINDENBURG (KARL KOERNER) AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE 8TH ARMY.



REALITY FOR COMPARISON WITH THE ABOVE FILM IMPERSONATIONS: A GROUP ACTUALLY TAKEN DURING THE TANNENBERG CAMPAIGN IN AUGUST 1914, SHOWING HINDENBURG (CENTRE) BETWEEN LUDENDORFF (LEFT) AND HOFFMANN.



A GERMAN ATTACK DURING THE CAMPAIGN IN EAST PRUSSIA WHICH LED TO THE ANNIHILATION OF TWO RUSSIAN ARMY CORPS: A FILM VERSION OF A BATTLE-SCENE AS ENACTED IN "TANNENBERG."

The new German war film, "Tannenberg," recording President Hindenburg's historic victory, is of special interest in that parts of it were made actually during the campaign, and show Hindenburg, Ludendorff, and other German Generals in their own persons. In other scenes, filmed recently, they are represented by actors. The German film censors forbade the production, pending the President's sanction, and the Austrian authorities followed suit. At the outbreak of the war, it may be recalled, Hindenburg was living in seclusion in Hanover, but, owing to the Russian menace against East Prussia, and the failure of another German Commander to stem it, he was appointed, on August 22, 1914, as Commander-in-Chief of the 8th German Army, on that front, with Ludendorff as his Chief of



RUSSIAN LEADERS IMPERSONATED IN "TANNENBERG": SAMSONOV (SIGURD LONDE, THIRD FROM LEFT), THE GENERAL WHO COMMITTED SUICIDE; RENNENKAMPF (BEGAS SOHN, FIFTH FROM LEFT); AND JILINSKY (G. H. SCHNELL, EXTREME RIGHT).

Staff. Fortunately for the new command, there was on the spot General Hoffmann, who, as chief of operations under the superseded General, had already carried out various movements that suited the new leader's plans. The Russian scheme was to invade East Prussia with two armies, north and south of the Masurian Lakes, commanded respectively by Generals Rennenkampf and Samsonov. The Russian advance, however, had been precipitated prematurely, to relieve pressure on France; the organisation was inadequate, and the troops were insufficiently fed. The result of the fighting from August 26 to 30, 1914, was the annihilation of two Russian corps. The Germans claimed 125,000 prisoners and 500 guns. General Samsonov shot himself during the retreat.

In the Park of Culture and Rest at Moscow, there are two sets of superfluous figures made of pasteboard, wood, and tin, brightly coloured, with grotesque faces. They are typical of propagandist methods in Russia. One set is intended for anti-war and anti-religious propaganda, and the other, which has a personal note, is directed against drunkenness.

The first-mentioned row of effigies consists of figures of admirals, generals, and priests. It is meant to poke fun either at the institutions which the figures represent, or at the dignity of the offices which they caricature. The anti-religious propaganda in Russia is surprisingly "tame," even in the anti-religious museums. It is directed against the priesthood and superstition rather than against God and Jesus Christ. Either they depict, as in this instance (Fig. 3), priests in ridiculous postures, or they give scientific information about evolution and astronomy, or customs of other countries, and contrast it with the theories which are said to have been taught by the Church.

The anti-military propaganda, again, is directed rather against officialism, the grandeur of uniforms (Fig. 4), and the respect paid to high commands, than against war in itself. The Red Army flourishes, and one evening at the theatre I heard a speech, delivered before the curtain went up, one-quarter of which announced an anti-war celebration for the following day, while the remaining three-quarters emphasised the importance of military training for all able-bodied young men, in view of the onslaught which the capitalist countries were plotting at that very moment.

The other collection of figures, those designed as the anti-drink propaganda, is more interesting from the point of view of social psychology. They are not only intended to bring the ill-effects of over-drinking home to the onlooker: they are also means of personal attack. They are, in fact, admirable examples of the moral education, by means of public shame, which

An unsuccessful attempt was made to prohibit the sale of vodka, but the inferior brands that found their way surreptitiously down the workmen's throats had such a dreadful effect on their constitutions that it was thought better to establish a Government brand, out of which the authorities might make a little money, like anyone else. But, at the same time, it was seen that drink impairs the efficiency of the worker, and something had to be done to instill disapproval of drunkenness into the minds of the operatives. It is easy enough when labour is a glut on the market, but if there is more than enough work for everyone, you cannot dismiss your drunkards with the full knowledge that there are plenty of people waiting to take their jobs, and terrified of losing them.

The Russian authorities have a system of fines and suspension of privileges, but their favourite method, which is connected with their general socialising campaign, is to hold the delinquent up to public scorn. There are special "black cassas," sometimes built in the appropriate

## MORAL EDUCATION BY NAIVE SOVIET METHODS OF



FIG. 1. INSTILLING EFFICIENCY BY A PUBLIC NOTICE SEPARATING THE "SHEEP" FROM THE "GOATS": A RED AND BLACK BOARD, OUTSIDE SOVIET BUILDINGS ON A COLLECTIVE FARM NEAR MOSCOW, BEARING NAMES OF GOOD AND BAD WORKERS ON ITS RESPECTIVE HALVES.

was written in white letters: "The Institute should know its good workers," while over the black board was inscribed: "He who hinders our work."

For the worker who still persists in his wicked ways, worse is in store.



FIG. 3. A CURIOUS FORM OF SOVIET ANTI-RELIGIOUS PROPAGANDA, DIRECTED AGAINST THE CLERGY RATHER THAN DIVINE PERSONAGES: CARICATURES OF PRIESTS IN RIDICULOUS POSTURES PLACED BY THE ROADSIDE.

plays such a prominent part in modern Russian methods. The subjects represented are a man being paid his wages at the "black cassa" (Fig. 5), and three revolting drunkards in the last stages of inebriation and disease.

Drink in Russia presents a difficult problem. Vodka, which is pure alcohol, is too strong; the beer is too weak, and not very nice; and wine is hardly drunk at all by the working classes. As usual, the Russian character causes a further complication. Russians have very little self-control, and once they get going they are liable to drink themselves quite literally into the gutter. And then, again, there is every encouragement to drink; the workers cannot spend their surplus cash on anything else, because there is nothing else for them to buy; they are paid fairly high wages and have a low standard of living, and they have ample leisure, with drink as their habitual pastime.

shape of black bottles, where the workmen who have been guilty of drunkenness are paid at their factories. This is done when all their comrades are coming out from work, so that the virtuous may look askance at the wicked; hence the figure in the Park of the drunkard being paid at the place of shame (Fig. 5).

If they do not submit to this form of treatment, they may have their names put up on the black board. Somewhere outside the offices of factories, at the gates of clinics, hospitals, and Soviet collective-farm buildings, or in the entrance-halls of the houses of rest, are to be found boards, put up for all the world to see (Fig. 1). They are divided down the middle, and one half is painted red, while the other half is black. The red board is for the names of those deserving of praise, and the black board for those deserving of blame. At the Institute of Mother and Child in Leningrad, for example, above the red board



FIG. 4. A SIMILAR METHOD OF ANTI-MILITARY PROPAGANDA: NOT IN OPPOSITION TO WAR, BUT DIRECTED AGAINST OFFICIALISM AND THE GRANDUEUR OF UNIFORMS: GROTESQUE EFFIGIES OF GENERALS AND ADMIRALS.

## STRANGE FIGURES IN RUSSIA. PROMOTING EFFICIENCY AND SOBRIETY.



FIG. 2. PREVENTION OF DRUNKENNESS BY PUBLIC SHAMING IN RUSSIA: GROTESQUE FIGURES IN THE PARK OF CULTURE AND REST AT MOSCOW HOLDING IN THEIR HANDS RACKET-LIKE OBJECTS INSCRIBED WITH THE NAMES OF NOTORIOUS DRUNKARDS FROM LOCAL FACTORIES.

There is a method of still more public denunciation. In the accompanying photographs of the figures in the Park of Culture and Rest at Moscow, it will be noticed that the figures hold in their hands objects like looking-glasses or ping-pong rackets (Fig. 2). On these



FIG. 4. A SIMILAR METHOD OF ANTI-MILITARY PROPAGANDA: NOT IN OPPOSITION TO WAR, BUT DIRECTED AGAINST OFFICIALISM AND THE GRANDUEUR OF UNIFORMS: GROTESQUE EFFIGIES OF GENERALS AND ADMIRALS.

are inserted the names of notorious drunkards from the local factories. In the case of the man being paid, his name is written on his side (Fig. 5).

This method of public shaming fits in with Soviet social theory. For the matter of that, nearly everything that is done in Russia fits in with orthodox theory; that is why Russia is at once one of the most interesting and one of the most exasperating countries in the world. The modern Russians have certain beliefs about the true nature of man, which are based, they assert, on proper scientific investigation. The prophets of "Dialectical Materialism," as their philosophy is called, have established the fundamental principles of social psychology.

The social aspect of man's nature is paramount and it is moulded by his environment. In their applications of their social theory to practical situations, they exploit the sensitivity of the individual to the opinions of his neighbour. This is done, of course, in other matters beside drink. I heard a cue at the "People's Court" in

only to discourage misbehaviour: they are also meant to induce social self-consciousness. If man is constantly being reminded of his social nature by being in the presence of various forms of its expression, man will, according to the rules, become more and more socialised.

There is, too, another spur to good behaviour. Praise is to be sought, as much as blame is to be avoided. Praise is meted out, as we have seen, on the red board, and there is, finally, a method of ordering the behaviour of workers on a scale which combines, by implication, praise and blame.

Outside the offices of the foremen in charge of the building of a huge apartment house in Leningrad is a board with a large sheet of paper attached to it. Down the side of the paper are pictures representing decreasing rates of progress.

At the top is a picture of an aeroplane, then comes an airship, and then, one under the other, follow a motor-car, a cyclist, a pedestrian, a caterpillar, and a snail. At the side of the pictures a space is left for the names of the workers whose work corresponds to the rate of speed represented in the adjoining picture. To us it seems a little childish, but then, we are not Russians.

They have already found that more material encouragement has to be added to the spiritual satisfaction of public approval. Thus, "shock brigades," who are sent to factories or offices to speed up the work, are given extra holidays, and they often get monetary rewards as well, and any workers who manage to catch the official eye may be put in the way of earning higher wages. This means that public approval, and



FIG. 5. A DEVICE FOR SHAMING DRUNKARDS BY PUBLICITY: A FIGURE REPRESENTING A DIBULOUS WORKMAN (WITH HIS NAME ON A LABEL ATTACHED TO THE COAT) RECEIVING HIS WAGES AT A "BLACK CASSA" OF THE TYPE SPECIALLY ERECTED FOR INEBRIATES AT FACTORIES—WITH ANOTHER EFFIGY OF A DRUNKARD ON THE RIGHT.

which a man was accused of making love to the wife of his lodger when the lodger was on duty as a policeman.

The judge, a woman, said that the policeman ought to have known better than to have brought so trivial a case before the "People's Court"; it should have been taken before the "Comrades' Court" at the apartment house where they all lived. I asked what would have happened there, and was told that perhaps a fine might have been imposed, but that most probably the defendant would have been "held up to shame."

Besides exploiting social sensitivity, they hope to heighten it by providing forms for the expression of social approval and disapproval. These grotesque figures and the red and black boards are there not

the fear of public shame, are not enough to get the best out of the citizen. No one thought they would be, except the hard-headed theorists who base their theories on their own notion of what reality ought to be.

This does not mean that the social appeal has no effect. It undoubtedly has an effect, though it is impossible to measure it. No figures could be obtained which would be of any value whatever, even if they could be believed. The only test of these methods will be the practical one—will they last? They take up a good deal of valuable time and trouble, and it is not likely that they will be kept on if they are absolutely useless. The only way to estimate their value will be to see whether they are still in use in five years' time.

W. J. H. SPOTT.

## BIG-GAME FISHING IN NEW ZEALAND: BATTLING WITH HUGE SWORDFISH.



A "STOCKADE" FORMED OF THE SWORDS OF SWORDFISH: SPOILS FROM THE BIG-GAME ANGLER'S "PARADISE," WEIGHT, 340 LB.) MADE WITH ROD AND LINE IN TEN DAYS' STRENUOUS FISHING—DURING

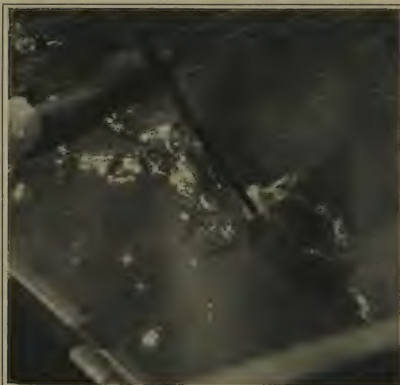


A SWORDFISH "BROACHING": A THREE-HUNDRED-POUND FISH LEAPING CLEAN OUT OF THE WATER IN THE EFFORT TO FREE ITSELF.

starting out in the launch," writes our correspondent, "the boatman calls out 'Pin,' and immediately slackens speed. After a few moments a 'swordie' takes one of the baits, and the boatman instructs the fisher to pay out his line very freely. After the line has run out about 50 yards it stops suddenly, and then we wait in suspense. Oh goes the line again, and the boatman calls out 'Strike,' which means the line is checked by applying the brakes

(Continued opposite.

ANGLING for swordfish is becoming a most popular sport in New Zealand waters. The swordfish is a spectacular fighter, who can be relied upon to die gamely after a battle in which the angler, as our correspondent quoted here indicates, by no means always comes off best. The bait used is kahawai—a sea salmon common in New Zealand waters and similar to the deep-sea mullet of Australia. Special tackle is needed including a line of, 72 lb. breaking-strain, having at the end steel traces fifteen or twenty feet long, to prevent the huge fish biting through or snapping it with its powerful tail. "Very soon after



GIVING THE FISH THE COUP DE GRACE, AFTER A TWO HOURS' BATTLE WITH ROD AND LINE HAS ENDED IN ITS BEING SAFELY BROUGHT ALONGSIDE THE BIG-GAME ANGLER'S BOAT.



A HIDEOUS-LOOKING MAKO SHARK (OF A SPECIES WHICH MAY WEIGH UP TO NINE HUNDRED POUNDS) ABOUT TO BE HARPOONED AFTER A TWO HOURS' BATTLE: A HIGHLY DANGEROUS OPERATION NEEDING THE UTMOST SKILL.



A "GOLIATH" OF THE SEA SLAIN AND DESPOILED BY A FISHERMAN IN THE SHAPE OF THE SWORD



AT MAYOR ISLAND, OFF NEW ZEALAND (NORTH ISLAND)—A CATCH OF NEARLY FIFTY SWORDFISH (AVERAGE WHICH THE MONSTERS DIED GAMELY AFTER FIGHTING FOR AS MUCH AS THREE HOURS.



NOT A FISHERMAN'S NIGHTMARE!—BUT A PHOTOGRAPH OF A HOOKED SWORDFISH BEING DRAWN NEAR THE BOAT, GIVING AN IDEA OF THE HUGE CREATURE'S APPEARANCE IN THE WATER.

on the reel. Once hooked, the fish runs like fury, the reel simply screaming with the rapidity of unceasing, often generating visible heat. The strain, of course, becomes terrific on the arms, shoulders, and back of the fisherman, who has straps from both shoulders to the rod, and is sitting in a swivel-chair, specially built for the purpose. Generally when a swordfish is hooked, up he comes to the surface and begins broaching, i.e., leaping into the air right clear of the water. In an endeavour to free himself from the hook. This happens usually twenty to thirty times. After perhaps 20 minutes of this spectacular display, the fish, finding he cannot escape, generally goes down deep, and the boatman advises keeping a tight strain on the line, for when he reaches the bottom it is a very difficult business bringing him to the surface again. Sometimes the fish gets the better of it, and succeeds in snapping the line. Turning from New Zealand to home waters, we would remind our readers that big-game fishing is now in full swing in the North Sea, the tunny being the quarry in this case.



A FORMIDABLE OPPONENT WHICH HAS BEEN KNOWN TO ATTACK THE FISHERMAN'S BOAT: A STRIPED MARLIN SWORDFISH BROACHING.



HUMAN "DAVID": A BIG-GAME ANGLER CUTTING A TROPHY FROM HIS GIANTIC VICTIM.



A FISHERMAN'S REMARKABLE CLOSE-UP: A SWORDFISH IN THE WATER NEAR THE BOAT, SHOWING THE HUGE FLUKES OF ITS TAIL AND THE POWERFUL FINS WHICH GIVE IT SUCH SPECTACULAR FIGHTING POWERS.



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### TREASURE-HUNTING IN ROCK POOLS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THERE are many different ways of spending the seaside summer holiday, and if it is to be a holiday, each must spend it after his own fashion. Most people seem to find supreme satisfaction in



1. THE PALE GREY AND WHITE SHELL OF *CHITON SQUAMOSUS*: A HANDSOME REPRESENTATIVE OF A VENERABLE TRIBE OF SEA-DWELLERS, WHOSE "GENEALOGY" HAS BEEN TRACED BACK TO THE ORDOVICIAN AGE—SOME THIRTY MILLION YEARS AGO.

This particular Chiton is a native of the West Indies, and comes of a much larger species than any found in British waters. The edge of the mantle, or girdle, is closely covered by small seed-like "denticles." The triangular set of grooves running across the hinder margin of each plate is found in most living species of Chiton, but this form of ornament was wanting in the older fossil species—one of the ways in which the Chitons of to-day differ from their ancestors.

herding together on the "marine parade," varied by games, a "dip" in the sea, and just basking in the sunshine. But these are not "past praying for." For no small number display a lively sense of awareness of the beauty of the human body, which has made man only "a little lower than the angels." And here is the well-spring of great revelations; if they could only develop a little curiosity as to the agencies which have fashioned such comeliness!

What is the nature of the subtle "ferment" which distinguishes living bodies—whether of animals or plants—from their inanimate surroundings? From that epoch-making moment when non-living became living matter, there began the pageant of life which those who will can pass in review and marvel at. One does not need to be a learned Professor of Biology to discern its dazzling splendours, or the impressive grandeur of its slow and stately progress. It is a pageant which has taken something like 100,000,000 years or so to produce, and it displays an orderly sequence. But we cannot see this pageant through a hole in the fence. Each must make an effort to train eye and brain to what I have just described as a "sense of awareness." And this comes by practice, and brings joy with every moment. One can start in this "school of nature" anywhere, and at any time. But there are some times which are specially favourable. And the seaside holiday, where there are rock-pools, is one of them.

Let me illustrate this by taking for my theme that somewhat insignificant-looking creature, the chiton, or "coat of mail" shell, a near relation of the whelk and periwinkle. About a dozen species haunt our coasts and the Channel Islands; but a very careful search will have to be made for them, since they are small and, exceptions apart, dull-coloured, matching their surroundings. Turn over and carefully examine the under-surface of movable

slabs of rock and stones, for such are their hiding places when not foraging for food. Some may be as much as an inch long. When carefully examined, they will be found to have an armature down the back formed of overlapping plates of shell, beautifully sculptured. Remove one from its hiding-place and it will roll itself up like a hedgehog or an armadillo—and for the same reason, to protect the soft and vulnerable under-parts. Not until the tide rises again will any of these creatures move, whether they be exposed or submerged. But when night falls, they awaken and start foraging, feeding on algæ and seaweeds.

The armature of shields is interesting, not merely on account of its sculpturing, but also because it seems to suggest an earlier segmentation of the body such as one finds in worms and the crustacea, wherein the body is composed of a series of segments or subdivisions throughout its whole length. The arrangement of the gills down each side of the body, under the shell, and of other organs not easily investigated by the amateur, bears out this conception of an earlier, more primitive, segmented stage, like that seen in the worms and "arthropods"—that is to say, of the insects and crustacea.

Let us leave this matter of the affinities of the chiton and turn once more to consider the shell. Here, as in every other group, if one takes the least modified member thereof as a standard of comparison between all the other species, some very surprising results will emerge. Here, indeed, as with any other group of the animal on which choice may rest, one finds all kinds of variations on the same theme.

Take the common chiton (*Chiton marginatus*), for example. As a rule, the colour of the animal is greenish, but bright red varieties are also to be found. The row of dorsal plates are embedded on each side in the edge of the "mantle"—the fleshy membrane whose exudations form the shell. This edge takes the form of a leathery band or "girdle," completely surrounding the plates. In another but fairly common and more cheerfully coloured British species, *Chiton fascicularis*, groups of bristles are borne on this girdle: four pairs in front of the first valve of the shell, and a pair in front of each succeeding valve. But in the much larger spiny chiton of Australia, a mass of large spines, like those of a sea-urchin completely cover the girdle; while in *Chiton marmoreus* of the West Indies, it is covered with a beautiful and closely-packed "beading," as may be seen in Fig. 1. The dried shell of this animal arrests the attention at once by its subdued beauty, bands of pearl-grey being contrasted on a white background. And the effect is heightened by a series of fan-shaped ridges which form a series of triangular bands all the way down the back: the spaces between being filled by longitudinal ridges. This pattern of triangular bands and ridges occurs on

most of the chitons, including our native species. But it did not make its appearance until Eocene times: in none of the earlier types is it found. In the first and last of these plates it will be noticed these ridges are replaced by a series of minute, radiating tubercles; and these, in some species, have become transformed into eyes!

In how far these differences of sculpture and of the character of the marginal band or girdle are due to habits and haunts, we cannot say. The spines of *Acanthopleura spinosus* (Fig. 3) must surely have some functional importance—they cannot be merely ornamental. But, as if to show the versatility of these creatures, some species have nearly—and some entirely—suppressed the armature of the back—as in *Cryptoplax larviformis* of the Friendly and Fiji Islands. The body has here assumed a slug-like shape, and the shelly plates are so reduced as to form, at last, a series of "islands" embedded in a leathery-looking skin. And there are yet other degenerate



2. A DEGENERATE MEMBER OF THE GREAT CHITON TRIBE: *CRYPTOPLAX LARVIFORMIS*, IN WHICH THE TRANSVERSE PLATES HAVE BECOME REDUCED TO A VESTIGIAL STATE, EMBEDDED IN THE LEATHERY SKIN.

This degenerate species of Chiton comes from the Friendly and Fiji Islands. In other, nearly-related species, even the vestiges of the transverse plates have disappeared. The name *larviformis* is, perhaps, unfortunate, since the larval stage of this animal—as in all the Chiton tribe—takes the form of a minute, transparent, free-swimming organism, bearing no likeness whatever to the adult stage.

species wherein all traces of shell have vanished, the skin being toughened by a felting of fine spicules.

In the numerous species of chiton surviving to-day, we have the latest phases in the evolution of this group, which are doubtless still changing. But this process of change is infinitely slow, since we can trace it backwards in time to the Ordovician Age, some

30,000,000 years ago. Some would extend this time-estimate still further. But from the most ancient species known, it is still a veritable chiton; the only perceptible differences between these members of hoary antiquity and those of to-day are differences of degree in the details of the structure of the shelly plates.

The more one dwells on this enormous range of time in relation to the rate of change in the evolution of the chitons, the more impressive this "evolution" becomes. They have, during these æons of time, diverged sufficiently to justify their separation into two "orders" and three "sub-orders." It is obvious that those who wish to see "species in the making" must be very patient! Bearing these things in mind, who can say that the inert-looking chiton awaiting its time to fare forth to feed is a thing of no interest? But it is also to be remembered that the race is not confined to rock-pools, for some occur in the great deeps, down



3. AN AUSTRALIAN SPECIES OF CHITON, WITH SPINES: *ACANTHOPLEURA SPINOSUS*.

This is a large species, of a dull, blackish-brown colour, wherein the girdle is beset with sharp spines recalling those of the sea-urchin. In some of the Chiton tribe bristles take the place of spines; while in the Giant Chiton the girdle is voluminous and thrown upwards so as nearly to enfold the shell.

to 2000 fathoms, showing that they possess considerable powers of adjustment to different conditions of life.

A Snake Goddess,  
or Possibly  
One of the Furies:  
A Unique Relic  
of Ancient  
Greek Religious Art  
"of Extraordinary  
Interest."

IN publishing this reproduction in colour of an ancient Athenian work of religious art, which is dated from near the end of the Geometric period, we fulfil a promise given in our issue of June 25 last, in connection with an illustrated article therein by Dr. Theodore Leslie Shear recording the results of his second season of excavations in the Agora at Athens. In a section of his article, which was not then given in full (being reserved for publication with the above illustration, to which it relates), Dr. Shear writes:—"A deposit of terra-cotta dedications was discovered which were scattered over a restricted area. Since they were associated with late Geometric vases, and since a Proto-Corinthian *lekkythos* was lying near by, they may be dated in the latter part of the eighth century B.C. One of the dedications is an object of extraordinary interest. This is a terra-cotta plaque, measuring 9½ by 5 inches, with two holes at the top by which it could be suspended from a wall or fastened to it. On the plaque a woman is represented standing between two snakes. The head and neck of the figure are in relief, while the rest of the body is painted on the flat surface of the plaque. The woman is facing the spectator, and her arms are raised with the fingers extended in an attitude of adoration or of execration. The hair is arranged in little curls on the forehead, and long curly locks hang down on each side of the neck to the shoulders. The interpretation of this figure is uncertain. One is reminded of the snake goddesses of Crete, and the question arises whether this is possibly a survival of the Minoan tradition into later times in Athens. But the type of the figure and the presence of the snakes suggest also the possibility of a more definite identification. The objects in the deposit under discussion were brought from elsewhere and dumped in the spot where they were found, which is near the base of the north slope of the Areopagus. We know that a shrine of the Eumenides was located on the north side of that hill, and it is possible that the terra-cotta plaque was dedicated in that sanctuary and that it was actually designed to portray one of the Furies. Other terra-cotta objects found lying near the plaque include primitive figurines and gaily coloured horses with their riders. One team of four horses has the driver fastened against their tails. There are also dedicatory shields, some painted with designs, while others have concentric bands of red and white, and numerous thick discs decorated with geometric patterns. Many other figurines dating from the classical, post-classical, and Roman periods have been discovered during the season. They cover a wide range of subject and of type."



A TERRA-COTTA PLAQUE FOUND IN THE AGORA AT ATHENS,  
AND DATING FROM THE EIGHTH CENTURY B.C.

FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY MARY SIMPKIN. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF DR. THEODORE LESLIE SHEAR,  
DIRECTOR OF THE AGORA EXCAVATIONS FOR THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS.



# OUT OF THE MIST.

*From the Picture by Montague Dawson, entitled "In Tones of Silver." Reproduced by Courtesy of the Owners, Messrs. Frost and Reed, Ltd., 26c, King St., St. James's.*



*To the highest Standard*

## Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

THERE is much to be said both for and against the "saga" type of novel. On the one hand, it enables an author to present a more coherent picture of life than is possible in fiction which is bound by the time-limit of a single generation. It gives depth, background, perspective, proportion. It conveys the effect of the passage of time—a feat which no device of foreshortening, however



MR. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON,  
Author of  
"Big Business."



MR. FRANK SWINNERTON,  
Author of "The Georgian House."  
Photograph by Howard Coster.

clever, can really achieve. It does away with many artificial conventions; above all, the one that represents life as a race between a starting-point and a winning-post. In a word, it makes for naturalness.

On the other hand, it rarely condenses interest as the shorter novel does. Nothing seems quite so important, when we have all time before us, as when the sands are visibly running out. The "saga" narrative seldom arouses intense emotions; we know that when a character disappears or dies, the author has a dozen more ready to take his place.

Still, whether the reader likes the "saga" form, or whether he does not, he must agree that Mr. Walpole's "Herries" series is a very good example of it; and "The Fortress," the third instalment, is in every way worthy of its predecessors. I think, in fact, that it surpasses them. The character of Judith Paris, that indomitable old lady whose hundredth birthday is celebrated in the last chapter of the story, gives unity to its eight hundred pages; her struggle with her rich cousin, Walter, continually reanimates them. He did not hate her as he hated Jennifer; it was to annoy Jennifer that he built the "fortress." But Judith took Jennifer's side in the persecution; it is the clash of her will and Walter's that gives the story a great deal of its motive power. The more sinister conflict between John and Uhlend is only a side-issue of the greater struggle. Mr. Walpole marshals his army of characters with careless skill; they fall naturally into groups; they do not get in each other's way. The book suffers from a certain diffuseness, but it is never tired, and seldom repetitive.

"The Georgian House" makes a good foil to "The Fortress," for it is essentially a novel of situation, the interest of which grows steadily to a dramatic climax. Concentration is Mr. Swinnerton's aim. He shows us the pleasant little town of Sandersfold being gradually undermined, as it were, with barrels of gunpowder, like the Houses of Parliament in Guy Fawkes's plot; only, in this case, the explosion is not prevented. A woman as wilful, and, it may be added, as wicked, as Ruth Spears was not likely to see her happiness slipping from her without a struggle. Philip, her husband, owner of the Georgian House, is a less vivid figure than she, but he is a very real person, as are all the characters in this well-written, well-constructed, well-worked out story. Mr. Swinnerton's merits as a novelist, though not of the startling, are of the most sterling and satisfying order.

"Doggett's Tours" tells how a young man, ardent and impecunious, entered the service of a Continental Travel Bureau. Why Major Doggett engaged him, unqualified as he was, it is not easy to see. The youth, however, was delighted to accept the offer. But three years of personally-conducted tours left him heartily sick of his job; his charges, with their foolish questions, grew ever more irksome to him. Mr. Turpin makes an immensely entertaining story out of his hero's tribulations in France, Switzerland, and Italy.

"Country Places" is a slightly disappointing book. Lady Long-

ford's pert and inconsequent humour was a sheer delight in "Making Conversation"; in her second book it flashes more rarely, and her detached, rather heartless, point of view fails to make the most of the unhappy love stories which constitute her subject. However, the story does not lack atmosphere; and it would be hard for any writer to make a dull story out of Irish country-house life, with its gaiety, sadness, recklessness and unconventionality.

For the characters in "Beacon Cross," life is certainly earnest, but is it real? Disturbed by the apathetic state of Christianity in England, Peterson organises a "Layman's Crusade," and he is very anxious to enlist the influence and support of Humphrey de Moleyns, rich, ambitious, politically-minded, and head of an ancient family. (But I doubt whether the date carved on the Crusader's cross, 1193, would have survived the assaults of the weather through seven centuries.) Humphrey is prepared to help, but only on his own terms. These consist in starting an anti-crusade, the theory being that religion flourishes best under persecution. His plans succeed beyond his hopes, but, in the process, he becomes hateful to both factions; it looks as though he would pay for his ingenuity with his life. Mr. Severick is not afraid of strong situations; he shows a real gift for describing mobs and faction-fights, and his account of the underworld is picturesque and forcible. He knows how to tell a story; but it is a story that most readers will condemn as wildly impossible.

The church, or rather a church, serves as a rallying-point for "Uncertain Glory," but the clergymen who figure in its pages are of a very different type from the revivalist Peterson. Miss Marigold Watney gives us some pleasant pictures of life in a country parsonage, and she diversifies them with accounts of a Continental tour undertaken by two timid, middle-aged maiden ladies, and with the unhappy story of a girl whose happiness is sacrificed by the worldly ambitions of her parents. The various themes, starting as it were at the church door and reading back into the past, are loosely intertwined; they afford the reader mild but continuous entertainment.

M. Maurois's heroine is the daughter of a rich manufacturer, and her husband, Edmond Holmann, is a member of a great banking house. The story therefore moves in the highest political and financial circles; it reaches its zenith at one of Mme. Chouin's epoch-making dinner-parties, where the conversation is as good as the food. Denise, however, is not a conventional rich woman; she is an "intellectual," and, in her attitude to the family, a revolutionary. How she came at last to bury her grievance against her mother and to rejoin the "family circle" is the theme of M. Maurois's book—in the main a very readable piece of work, with

more wit and brilliance than one finds in most English novels.

The scene of "Desire—Spanish Version," is also laid in France; but the characters, for the most part connected with a film studio, are of all nationalities. The story is as jerky and fragmentary as the process of film-producing, but it has one constant factor—the love of Halina, the Polish "script-girl," for Bibson, the feckless, selfish, talented violinist. How true Miss Eaton's pictures are to the scenes they represent, I do not know, but they certainly carry conviction—the glory, weariness, excitement, disappointment and feverish activity of life in a film-studio could hardly be conveyed more vividly.

In "Big Business," Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's humour is at its most robust. The story turns on the attempt of Mr. Pringle, a down-and-out schoolmaster, to impersonate the brother of Mr. Norman Springe. Mr. Springe stands to inherit a large sum of money if Mr. Pringle, having given irrefutable proofs of his existence, can, within a month, give proofs, almost as irrefutable, of his demise. Mr. Hutchinson gets a lot of fun out of mistaken identities, and is, throughout the book, himself in the highest spirits—spirits which sometimes infect the reader and sometimes leave him, comparatively, cold.

"King's Crew" is another vigorous story, but, personally, I found the efforts of the King family—Duveen and her two brothers, and George, whom they co-opted into the "Crew"—to introduce the spirit of the "Three Musketeers" into contemporary American life a failure. They were always running unnecessary risks, and were, all four of them, hardly a match for the villain. However, though weak in action, they were first-rate conversationalists: I greatly enjoyed their back-chat.

The Ostrekoff jewels were worth over three million pounds. An American undertakes to convey them from Russia to a young lady in England whom he has never seen. At one point, only a jagged edge to a window-clasp saves the hero and heroine from a frightful fate. Mr. Oppenheim gives us a generous measure of thrills, two fights in an aeroplane, one in a Polish castle. What could the reader want more?

Individual scenes in "Death on the Cliff" are dramatic and convincing, but the book (perhaps lacking the author's final revision) is loosely put together, and leaves the impression of being less well constructed than the majority of Mr. Thomas Cobb's stories. "Murder Could Not Kill" is a good thriller, although Mr. Baxter makes his hero, in spite of repeated warnings, dreadfully imprudent.

### BOOKS REVIEWED.

- The Fortress. By Hugh Walpole. (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.)
- The Georgian House. By Frank Swinnerton. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)
- Doggett's Tours. By Richard Turpin. (Grayson and Grayson; 7s. 6d.)
- Country Places. By the Countess of Longford. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
- Beacon Cross. By Dunn Severick. (Grayson and Grayson; 7s. 6d.)
- Uncertain Glory. By Marigold Watney. (Philip Allan; 7s. 6d.)
- Family Circle. By André Maurois. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)
- Desire—Spanish Version. By Evelyn Eaton. (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.)
- Big Business. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)
- King's Crew. By Frank R. Adams. (Constable; 7s. 6d.)
- The Ostrekoff Jewels. By Phillips Oppenheim. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)
- Death on the Cliff. By Thomas Cobb. (Denn; 7s. 6d.)
- Murder Could Not Kill. By Gregory Baxter. (Denn; 7s. 6d.)



MR. HUGH WALPOLE,  
Author of "The Fortress."



M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS,  
Author of "Family Circle."



THE COUNTESS OF LONGFORD,  
Author of "Country Places."



1. "ANTI-FLY" FIRED BY COMBUSTIBLE SCRAPED FROM MATCHES! AN IMPROVED GUN THAT REQUIRED 800 BOXES OF MATCHES FOR ONE DISCHARGE, WITH A SAPPING TO TAKE THE REBELS.



5. THE DESIGN ON A BURMESE REBEL FLAG (SEE NO. 4): A GIFFON, OR MYTHICAL HAWK, ATTACKING A BOA, OR SNAKE, WHICH REPRESENTS THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.



9. A TYPE OF BRECH-LOADING GUN USED BY THE BURMESE REBELS: A WEAPON FIRED BY THE LEVER-TRIGGER ON WHICH THE MAN'S FINGER IS SEEN PRESSING IN THE ABOVE PHOTOGRAPH.

## CURIOSITIES OF THE BURMESE REBELLION: HOME-MADE FIREARMS; PROTECTIVE AMULETS

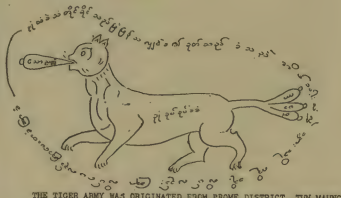
BURMA has been in the throes of rebellion, until recently, since December 1931. The rebellion was conceived to overthrow Government and set up a Burmese King in the jungle at Alantaung. The organisers of the rising, taking advantage of the astounding chifflid belief of the village in magic charms and spells, promised to render their followers invulnerable by means of tattooing and charms. Tattooing, which was the precursor to every local outbreak, was performed on all newly-joined recruits. Many rebels were created by forcibly tattooing men and telling them that they had to choose between the rebel army and being taken by Government.

(Continued in Box 2.)

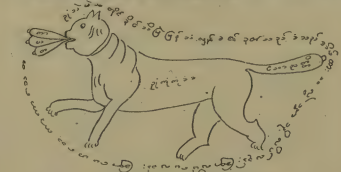


2 AND 3. THE BURMESE LEADER OF THE "LION" BOH OHN NYUN (KILLED THIS), THE MYTHICAL

THE MAJORITY OF THE MEMBERS OF THE TIGER ARMY WERE TATTOOED WITH THE FOLLOWING MARKS ON THEIR THIGHS (OUTSIDE). ON THE RIGHT THIGH ASCENDING, ON THE LEFT THIGH DESCENDING.



THE TIGER ARMY WAS ORIGINATED FROM POME DISTRICT, TUN MAUNG. THE "TIGER ARMY" AND OTHERS OF HIS REBEL ARMY WERE SHOT DEAD AT THEYIKON PONGYI MAUNG, 7 MILES SOUTH EAST OF HMAITTAUNG, POME DISTRICT ON THE 25th OCTOBER 1931.

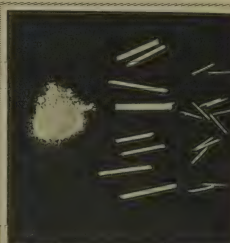


THE SENTENCE ROUND THE TIGER FIGURE RUNS AS FOLLOWS:—"MAY THIS MAKE MY FLESH AS HARD AND AS RESISTING AS IRON, MAY DASH BE REFLECTED AND THEIR BLOOD TURNED."

6. TATTOO DESIGNS ON THE THIGHS OF BURMESE REBELS BELONGING TO THE "TIGER" ARMY: A DEVICE OFFERED FORCIBLY TO IMPRESS SAVAGES INTO THE REBEL RANKS.

of Gonminmyaung, Zigon Area. He was the originator of this particular variety of tattooing, and an important organiser in the rebellion. This Cat mark was put on in the same way as the Tiger mark—ascending on one thigh, and descending on the other—and was the distinguishing mark of the "Cat Army." The Cat tattoo mark appeared in Henzada, Pome, Maubin, and Pegu Districts. The third paper (Nos. 2 and 3) is the rubber stamp used by Boh Ohn Nyun, Leader of the Lion Army, Pome District, who was shot dead on December 27, 1931, near Inbabin. Ohn Nyun put this rubber stamp all over the place—on books, papers, and people. The figure is a Chintay, the mythical Guardian Lion of Burma. Tattooing was supposed to give immunity from rifle or gun, dah or knife. To aid the effectiveness of the protection, other objects were "charmed" by being passed over a fire, and were carried. These included, handkerchiefs, flags, snuff, matches, needles, and even

(Continued in Box 1.)



10. EVIDENCE OF THE BURMESE BELIEF IN AN ASSORTMENT OF CHARMED ARTICLES ISSUED: SNUFF, TOOTHPICKS,

## TATTOO MARKS AS "REGIMENTAL BADGES"; TO RENDER THEIR WEARERS INVULNERABLE.



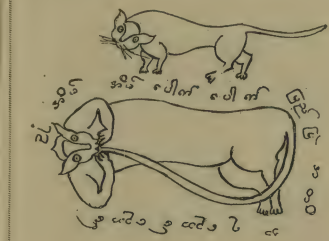
STAMP USED BY THE ARMY OF BURMESE REBELS, LAST DECEMBER: A CHIN-GUARDIAN LION OF BURMA.

plum-stones (No. 10) were charmed and carried in all good faith. The rebels also carried curious "Inn" papers, consisting of magic squares, triangles, or figures used for the purpose of protection from dangers. Sometimes, in the earlier months of the rebellion, these poor misguided people would advance against a small force of police or troops with their hands held up before them, showing their magic charms to the enemy; for they had been told that they had only to advance and slay the enemy, whose weapons were rendered ineffective by the magic tattoo marks. Their power was soon disproved, but the men were told that the tattooing had not

(Continued in Box 5.)

THE SENTENCE ROUND THE CAT FIGURE RUNS AS FOLLOWS:—"Oh, wonderful cat, break open houses, unclose fethers and poppers, MAKING HMAUNG."

THESE TWO WORDS ARE AN ONOMATOPOEIC RENDERING OF THE MEOWING OF A CAT.



THE CAT FIGURES APPEARED IN THE DOCUMENTS ISSUED FROM PONGYI U ZAWANA OF COMMINMYAUNG, ZIGON AREA, ONE OF THE ORGANISERS; IT IS EVIDENT THAT HE WAS THE ORIGINATOR OF THIS SCHEME. THE CAT MARK IS ALSO TATTOOED IN THE ASCENDING AND DESCENDING POSITIONS ON THOSE WHO BELONG TO THE "CAT ARMY" AS THE TIGER MARK WAS TATTOOED ON THOSE BELONGING TO THE "TIGER ARMY." THE CAT TATTOO MARK HAS APPEARED IN THE HENZADA, POME, MAUBIN AND PEGU DISTRICTS.

7. DISTINGUISHING MARKS OF THE "CAT" ARMY OF BURMESE REBELS: TATTOO DESIGNS ASCENDING ON ONE THIGH AND DESCENDING ON THE OTHER, AS WITH THE "TIGER" DEVICE (NO. 6).

at night, near a rebel encampment. As he hoped, the rebels came down to seize the rice sacks, and a very successful encounter ensued. Lieut. Waller himself pluckily jumped into the swift-running water and rescued a wounded rebel many yards downstream. For his initiative and success in this action, Lieut. Waller received the Military Cross. The rebellion was serious from the moment of its outbreak, and the economic distress of 1931 undoubtedly fanned the flames. The fire is now dying out. Several of the rebel "Bohs," or leaders, have surrendered, and have been instrumental in the surrender of many of their followers. A few "Bohs" and other rebels with definite prices on their heads, are still at large, but they have degenerated from rebels into dacoits. The rounding-up of these remaining gentlemen is a matter of great difficulty, for the country in which they roam is thickly forested, and the local villagers dare not give information for fear of death at the hands of the rebels concerned. These remaining outlaws realise that the rebellion is over and the game is up. Many have taken advantage of the Government's wise amnesty. To this amnesty there are, of course, a few exceptions—

notorious leaders and those known to be blood-guilty. It has taken many weary months to convince the rebels of the futility of their cause, their leaders, their weapons, and their magic: at a time when they have learnt the truth, and thousands of the ill-used villagers have returned to a more realisation of "Pax Britannica."

THE PROTECTIVE POWER OF MAGIC IN WARFARE: TO THE BURMESE, FENCES—(LEFT TO RIGHT) NEEDLES, AND PLUM-STONES.



4. HOW A REBEL "BOH," OR LEADER, GOES TO BATTLE, CARRYING THE FLAG AND A GUN; HIS HENCHMAN WITH A BELL (SHOOING), CHARMED HANDKERCHIEF, AND AMULET.



8. A TATTOOING OPERATION IN PROGRESS: THE ARTIST, WITH A HEAVY BRASS PEN AND A SMALL WOODEN INK-BOWL (PLACED ON HIS KNEE), DECORATING A MAN'S THIGH.



11. ANOTHER TYPE OF BRECH-LOADING GUN (FOR 12-BORE CARTRIDGES) USED BY BURMESE REBELS: A PIECE IN WHICH THE CAP WAS FIRED BY A NAIL BEING DRIVEN AGAINST IT BY A METAL SPRING.



FIG. 1. A REALISTIC RAM'S HEAD ON A FRAGMENT OF CYCLADIC POTTERY. (SEVENTH CENTURY B.C.)

## ART TREASURE FROM AN ANCIENT SOURCE OF GOLD:

NEW DISCOVERIES IN THASOS, FAMED FOR GOLD-MINES IN THE TIME OF HERODOTUS; MARBLE RELIEFS AND PAVEMENTS; TEMPLES: A ROMAN ROAD; ARCHAIC VASE-PAINTINGS.

By MISS C. H. E. HASPELS, Foreign Member of the French School of Archaeology at Athens, which has conducted excavations in Thasos. Photographs by Courtesy of the Director of the School.

THASOS is an island in the north of the Aegean Sea, near the coast of Thrace. We know from Herodotus that the Phœnicians were the earliest colonists of the island. After this Phœnician settlement it was colonised about the beginning of the seventh century B.C. by settlers from the island of Paros. They built their city in a plain on the north coast, opposite the Thracian mainland. An acropolis

dominated the lower city, and two harbours provided accommodation for shipping.

The island repaid colonisation because of its valuable gold-mines. Herodotus tells us that he himself saw these mines, and considered those which had been exploited by the Phœnicians by far the most remarkable. They were situated in a mountain, which had been practically turned inside out in the process of mining. The Greek settlers, however, took possession of even richer mines on the adjoining Thracian mainland; and it was from these that Thasos rapidly rose to prosperity and power. Again from Herodotus we learn that with their large revenues from the mines they built a navy, and erected a stronger wall round their town, made of marble from their own quarries (494-492 B.C.).

But in 492 Darius, the King of Persia, jealous of their growing power, ordered them to pull down the fortifications and remove the ships to Abdera. In 480 B.C., when Xerxes marched through Thrace with his army, on his way to Greece, the mainland possessions of Thasos had to provide meals for Xerxes and all his men, the cost of which amounted to 400 talents.

After the Persian Wars Thasos became an important member of the Athenian Empire. It paid a yearly contribution of 30 talents, which classed it among the richest of the members. But little more than ten years later (in 465 B.C.) Thasos became at variance with Athens over the question of its possessions on the mainland, and the Athenians sent a powerful force against the island. The Thasians were defeated, and compelled to demolish their fortifications and to surrender their ships of war, to give up their possessions on the mainland and to pay an extra tribute, in addition to their yearly contribution to the League. Towards the end of the fifth century B.C. the Thasians went over to the side of Sparta. After that they were alternately under the influence of Athens and of Sparta—they changed sides at least six times—until eventually they came under the domination of Philip of Macedon.

In the end, with the rest of the Greek world, they fell into the hands of the Romans, who made Thasos a free town. Its wealth, however, had by that time disappeared. The marble quarries were still being exploited, the Romans making much use of the white Thasian marble, but from the mines they extracted only a small quantity of copper and silver. If there remained any survival of the former prosperity, it was due to the importance of Thasian wine, which was exported all over the Greek world.

On a small scale the prosperity of Thasos lasted well into the Byzantine period. The only trade existing was local, between the various villages. The work in the mines and quarries had stopped. This does not imply, however, that no buildings were erected in this period; but the chief material then used was the marble of ruined ancient structures. By that time it was no longer the island which owned possessions on the mainland, but, on the contrary, several monasteries on Mount Athos possessed large properties in Thasos.

In the Middle Ages the population of the island was very much reduced and must have suffered much from the pirates who infested the Aegean Sea. Against this danger already, in Hellenistic times, several towers had been built for defensive purposes. And now, in the Middle Ages, when the small population became too weak to defend itself, the villages were moved from the shore to hidden corners up in the mountains.

When the Turks captured the whole of Greece and the islands, Thasos, too, fell into their hands, and it remained under Turkish dominion for nearly four centuries. In 1821 it rose against Turkey, and even remained independent for some time; but owing to its inability to exist in isolation it was forced back under Turkish dominion. From 1841-1902 Thasos was under Egyptian rule, the Sultan of Turkey having given it, together with the city of Kavalla on the mainland, to Mehemet Ali, the Khedive of Egypt, who was a native of Kavalla. It is only since the Balkan wars that Thasos has belonged to Greece.

Thus history shows how variable the fate of Thasos has been all through the ages, and the natural result of these vicissitudes of fortune is that its material remains are not all equally well preserved. Some were destroyed in war, others fell into ruins and their material was used for new buildings in later times. We may suppose that Roman buildings replaced the archaic Greek, and that in Byzantine and mediæval fortifications the stones of the Roman monuments were used again. During last century, owing to the isolation of Thasos and its change of rulers, there was not sufficient protection for

antiquities found on the island, and thus many statues and other finds were sold and found their way to museums and private collections.

Nevertheless the excavations which the French School of Archaeology at Athens has carried out in Thasos since 1910 have been crowned with great success. Above all, the archaic period has yielded important pieces. This, indeed, was to be expected. Wealth in Greece has always been a protector of art, and, if any city could be called wealthy, it was the archaic Thasos with its gold-mines. Moreover, we know that Thasos itself produced distinguished artists. Polygnotos, the famous fifth-century painter, who worked at Athens, was a native of Thasos.

The excavations of the French School have brought to light the greater part of the city walls, the line of which is now known throughout its whole extent, running over the acropolis and down into the plain towards the harbour. The city gates show the interesting feature, otherwise unknown in Greece, of having an adornment of marble reliefs on the door-posts (Figs 7 and 8). These reliefs represent the various Greek deities worshipped in the city. On the acropolis the French School excavated the terrace of the archaic temple of Apollo Pythios; unfortunately there remain only the foundations of the temple.

In the lower city has been excavated the Prytaneum, or Town Hall, probably one of the most important archaic buildings. Reliefs representing Apollo, Hermes, and the Nymphs were brought back last century by the Miller expedition, and are now in the Louvre. Another important discovery at the Prytaneum was that of the lists

of *Theoroi*, names of magistrates inscribed on marble walls in chronological order. Some pieces were found by the Miller expedition and thus came to the Louvre; others, found during the recent excavations, are now in the Thasos Museum.

Besides the Prytaneum, the French School has excavated several other archaic buildings. The purpose of most of them remains uncertain, but they prove the prosperity of the city in archaic times.

Our Fig. 3 shows one of the smaller finds in last year's excavation, a roof terra-cotta in the shape of a Gorgoneion, which comes from an archaic building. The vase fragments give an interesting picture of the trade of the island. Situated as it is in the Aegean Sea between the mainland and eastern Greece, Thasos would be naturally expected to yield pottery of

many different fabrics. Illustrations on this page show a specimen of island pottery and an Attic fragment. Fig. 1 shows a fine ram's head of a seventh-century fragment of Cycladic pottery; and Fig. 2 is a sixth-century Attic black-figure fragment. Figs. 9, 10 and 11 (page 354) show some more vase fragments, Cycladic, Eastern Greek, and Attic. All through the archaic period the importation of vases must have been considerable in Thasos.

The Agora of the city was located by the excavations. It appears to have been of large extent, favourably situated near the harbour, about the middle of the city, in the lower part. The Agora thus revealed is probably Hellenistic; it is bordered by arcades. Another building, which was altered in Hellenistic times, is the Dionysion, the origin of which dates from archaic times. Also probably of Hellenistic date is the theatre, situated against the slope of the acropolis. It was altered in Roman times, but it is difficult to date, owing to the stage-buildings having collapsed.

The most important sanctuary in the lower part of the city is the Temple of Poseidon, situated near the sea, between the two harbours. This sanctuary, in its present state, also dates from Hellenistic times. Very interesting is a large altar, found in front of the temple, and dedicated to Hera Epilimēnia—an altar of Hera, protectress of the harbour, in the sanctuary of the sea-god (Fig. 4). The Roman period must have seen a general revival in Thasos, the second century A.D. especially having been a time of prosperity. Everywhere we come across Roman reconstructions, in the Agora, in the Theatre, and elsewhere. Moreover, several new Roman buildings were erected. One of them was the Odeon, a building in the shape of a theatre. It is clear from certain curious indications that this building at first was never finished, but later on was altered and rebuilt.

Fig. 5 shows a Roman road. The pavement consists of huge marble squares. Along the road runs a footway, at some places on one side only, at others on both sides. It is much wider than ordinary Greek roads, affording ample space for two or even three vehicles to pass.

This road led from the Agora to an area occupied by public buildings. Among others there was found a large building, which probably contained sumptuous shops, and a great rectangular court, bounded by a marble stylobate or pedestal (Fig. 6) on which stood Ionic columns. The interior of the court is paved with too large and very regular marble slabs.

Close to the road, on the other side, there is an exedra, or stepped platform, the top of which had been adorned with statues. The decoration of festoons and ox-heads on its semi-circular wall are still beautifully preserved. This exedra with its three steps is visible in Fig. 5 in the distance, at the right-hand side of the road.



FIG. 2. ATTIC BLACK FIGURE DESIGN. A FRAGMENT, REPRESENTING A COCK AND OVER 2500 YEARS OLD.



FIG. 3. THE GROTESQUE IN GREEK ART: A PAINTED TERRA-COTTA RELIEF REPRESENTING A GORGONEION (GORGON-MASK)—ONE OF A SERIES OF ROOF TERRA-COTTAS FROM ARCHAIC BUILDINGS FOUND IN THASOS.

# THASOS—"IN GREEK MARBLE EVER BEAUTIFUL": SHRINES; A ROMAN ROAD; UNIQUE CITY-GATE RELIEFS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL OF ARCHAEOLOGY AT ATHENS.  
(SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



FIG. 4. "AN ALTAR OF HERA, PROTECTRESS OF THE HARBOUR, IN THE SANCTUARY OF THE SEA-GOD": THE TEMPLE OF POSEIDON AT THASOS, SHOWING HERA'S ALTAR ON THE RIGHT.

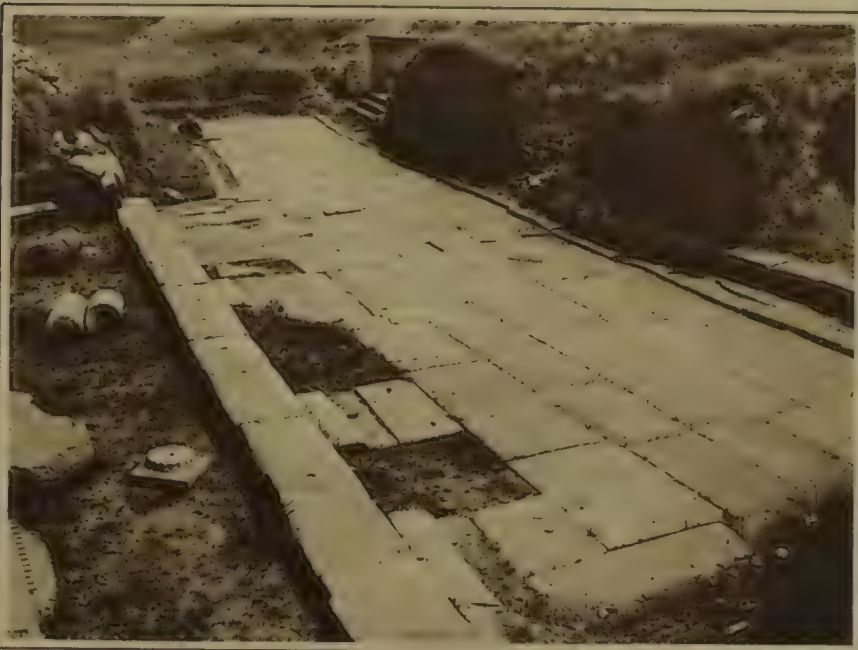


FIG. 5. ROMAN ROAD-MAKING IN SLABS OF MARBLE, WITH RAISED FOOT-PATHS: A BROAD HIGHWAY OF THE SECOND CENTURY A.D. IN THASOS, SHOWING—(CENTRE BACKGROUND) A STEPPED EXEDRA.



FIG. 6. AN EXTREMELY SMOOTH MARBLE PAVEMENT, FORMED OF 100 LARGE AND REGULAR SLABS: A COURT BESIDE THE ROMAN ROAD, WITH A STYLOBATE (RIGHT) THAT BORE FIVE IONIC COLUMNS.

The marble city gates of Thasos (as noted in the article on page 352, describing the recent excavations) show a peculiarity otherwise unknown in Greece; they are decorated on the door-posts with reliefs representing various deities that protected the city. The walls having been erected in 494-492 B.C., the date of these reliefs can be fixed with approximate certainty. They are of great importance, as forming an interesting series of Thasian sculpture towards the end of the archaic period. Fig. 7 shows one of the gates; the threshold and one of the door-posts with a relief. Fig. 8 gives a close-up of the relief. We see a goddess (probably Hera) in her chariot, attended by a male figure. Owing to the brittleness of the Thasian marble, formed of very large crystals, the



FIG. 7. A UNIQUE FEATURE OF THE CITY GATES AT THASOS, UNKNOWN ELSEWHERE IN GREECE: MARBLE RELIEFS OF PROTECTIVE DEITIES ON THE PILLARS—A TYPICAL EXAMPLE (SHOWN ENLARGED BELOW).



FIG. 8. A NEARER VIEW OF THE RELIEF ON THE GATE-PILLAR ILLUSTRATED ABOVE: A GODDESS (PROBABLY HERA) IN HER CHARIOT, WITH A MALE ATTENDANT—SHOWING THE COARSE GRAIN OF THE MARBLE.

relief had been rather damaged by moisture in the soil in which it had lain for centuries. This gate still stands *in situ*, in the middle of Liménas, the modern village, which occupies the site of the ancient lower city, near the harbour. Several other gates with reliefs have been excavated, and are left *in situ*. The most interesting is a relief of a large Silenus, holding a drinking vessel. Another very important example, now in the museum at Constantinople, represents Herakles as a kneeling archer. He also appears thus on Thasian coins. In one of the later parts of the wall was found an archaic statue, which had been used as filling material. It is a colossal sixth-century male figure, representing a ram-bearer and is now in the courtyard of the Thasos museum at Liménas.

# THE VIVACITY OF ANCIENT GREEK POTTERY DESIGN: THASOS FRAGMENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL OF ARCHÆOLOGY AT ATHENS. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 352.)



FIG. 9. ATTIC VASE-PAINTING: STRIKING DESIGNS ON FRAGMENTS OF IMPORTED POTTERY FOUND IN THASOS—(ON THE LEFT) ZEUS HURLING A THUNDERBOLT, FROM A JUG OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.; (IN THE CENTRE) A DECORATIVE GORGON-MASK INSIDE A CUP; (ON THE RIGHT) HERMES, WITH A CHARIOTEER IN THE ACT OF MOUNTING HIS CHARIOT.

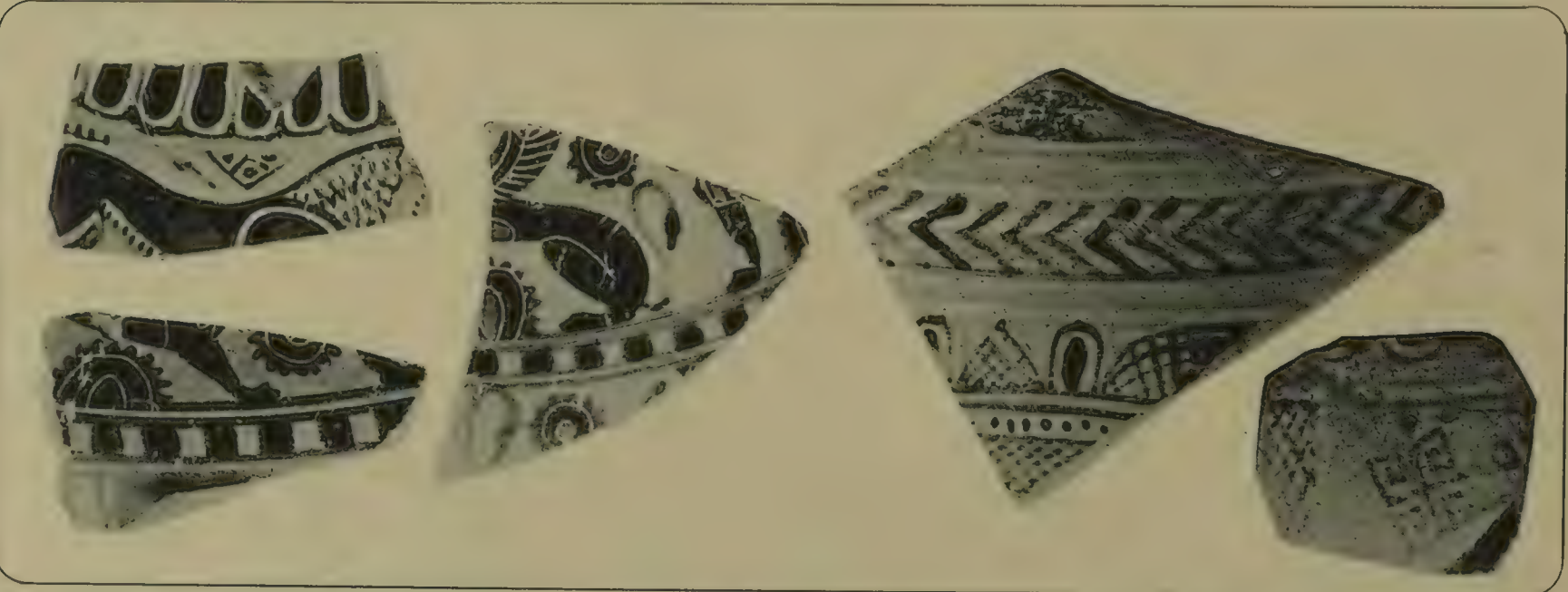


FIG. 10. EVIDENCE THAT THASOS WAS A FREQUENTED TRADE CENTRE IN THE GREEK ARCHAIC PERIOD: FRAGMENTS OF IMPORTED POTTERY OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C. FOUND IN THE ISLAND—(ON THE LEFT) THREE PIECES FROM NAUKRATIS, SHOWING PART OF A LION (FACING TO RIGHT) AND THE HINDQUARTERS OF A SEATED SPHINX; (ON THE RIGHT) TWO CYCLADIC FRAGMENTS.



FIG. 11. DRAMATIC MOTIFS AND VIGOROUS MOVEMENT IN THE CERAMIC ART OF ANCIENT GREECE, AS REPRESENTED IN THE THASOS DISCOVERIES: THREE FRAGMENTS OF EARLY BLACK-FIGURE TECHNIQUE—(CENTRE) AN ATTIC EXAMPLE, PART OF A BOWL-LID DECORATED WITH ANIMAL FRIEZES, DATING FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.; (LEFT AND RIGHT) LATER PIECES, PROBABLY EASTERN GREEK, REPRESENTING RESPECTIVELY A MAN RUNNING BEHIND A HORSE, AND WOMEN DANCING.

These fragments of ancient Greek pottery found in Thasos, as described by Miss C. H. E. Haspels in her article on page 352, are notable both for the beauty and liveliness of the figure designs, and, being of foreign origin, as evidence of the island's commercial importance and shipping trade in early times. Situated in the Ægean between the mainland and Eastern Greece—that is, the Ionian coast of Asia Minor and the adjacent islands—Thasos naturally acquired specimens of pottery from many different sources. Throughout the archaic period the importation of vases must have been considerable. Those here illustrated include Cycladic, Eastern Greek, and Attic examples. With regard to the

fragments shown in the above illustrations, a few particulars may be noted. In Fig. 9, that on the left is part of a red-figure jug; the Gorgon face is a black-figure decoration inside a cup; while the right-hand piece is part of the rim of a *krater*. In Fig. 10 the two Cycladic fragments on the right date from the seventh century B.C. The three fragments seen in Fig. 11 are all decorated in the black-figure technique of the seventh century B.C., although of later style and manufacture, the one in the centre being Attic of the middle of the sixth century B.C., and the others probably later still, from Eastern Greece. Each is part of the lid of a covered bowl, of the type called in Greek a *lekanis*.

## SEEING WHO IS TELEPHONING TO YOU: SPEAKERS BROUGHT FACE TO FACE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY BAIRD TELEVISION, LTD.



## HOW THE VISIOTELEPHONE BRINGS DISTANT SPEAKERS FACE TO FACE WHILE TELEPHONING: A SYSTEM APPLIED TO RADIO.

Television has now come within the practical range of the public, through the series of transmissions recently inaugurated by the British Broadcasting Corporation, and open to all listeners prepared to install at home the necessary receiving apparatus. The B.B.C., it is stated, has made a two years' agreement with the Baird Company, and television programmes will be broadcast on four evenings a week, from 11 to 11.30 p.m. The Visiotelephone, here illustrated, has been invented by Mr. Baird to enable telephone users to see each other as well as to converse. Its general principles for recording and transmitting the features are similar to those used in broadcast television. The apparatus consists of a projector supplying light which passes in minute beams through 24 holes in a whirling disc. These holes are arranged in a spiral, so that, as the disc revolves, one hole follows close to the one ahead. Thus little points of

light are sent in rapid procession all over the speaker's face. The speaker does not see these beams, however, as they have been turned into invisible infra-red rays. Photo-electric cells catch the reflected light and turn it into electrical impulses, varying in intensity with the amount of light. These impulses, amplified at both ends, light a Neon lamp, and its illumination fluctuates according to the strength of the impulses received. This light is directed on to a drum with twenty-four mirrors round its periphery, so tilted that each corresponds to a hole in the disc at the sending end. As the shade of light is exactly the same as that sent, and the Mirror Drum is synchronised with the Scanning Disc, any spot of light is projected in its right place on the screen. The spots whirling round appear as vertical streaks, moving so fast that the eye cannot see them individually, but merges them together. Thus a complete picture is built up.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

NEXT to intimate letters, the private diary conveys the most genuine written expression of a person's mind, and, next to the doctor, probably the solicitor, of all professional men, comes most closely in contact with the mundane activities of human nature. Consequently, when we get the private diary of a solicitor, we are likely to find it full of interesting matter—but it must be really private, and not manufactured for publication. That condition seems to be fulfilled in "A LAWYER'S NOTE-BOOK." Introduction by Alec Waugh (Secker; 5s.). This is the second anonymous work of considerable note that has come my way of late (the other was "Further Letters of a Man of No Importance"), and it possesses the same qualities of pungent wit and humour, ripe experience, and extensive familiarity with prominent people. It almost looks as if we must invert Juliet's question and ask, "What's in the absence of a name?"

In an admirable sketch of the author's personality, and his regular, home-keeping mode of life, his introducer explains that "the book is published anonymously because traditions of his profession disallow anything that might be taken for professional self-advertisement." I fancy, however, that his identity is more or less an open secret to some people, and that in one passage a strong clue may be found by the initiated. "His acquaintance," writes Mr. Waugh, "is vast. I should doubt if any man has inspired more affectionate friendship in men twenty years older and twenty years younger than himself. He is linked closely through his friendships not only with Victorian and Edwardian but also Georgian England. Many of the biographies that will appear in the 1960's, 70's and 80's will carry his name in their index." Of the present volume we read: "It is the gleanings of a scrap-book kept at his bedside." The scope of its original intention—for noting engagements and chance reflections on the day's affairs—was enlarged to include epigrams, travel sketches, short essays, and anecdotes of personal experience.

This lawyer, whoever he be, shows independence of thought and a refreshing frankness in discussing public affairs or the elemental matters of life. The shorter entries in the diary cover a variety of subjects, ranging from the iniquities of "Dora" and the income-tax, to corporal punishment for boys and University costume for bathers. He points out that it is not meant for consecutive reading, but "for a bedside book and as a cure for insomnia." I am not sure, however, that this is a self-compliment, and it is quite possible that his lively pages might keep the reader awake instead of sending him to sleep. As a matter of fact, there are fewer short disjointed paragraphs than is usual in collections from notebooks. Most of them amount to occasional articles and some to quite considerable essays, such as those on Dr. Johnson, Winwood Reade, Edward Carpenter, Hilaire Belloc, memories of Eton, and the future of marriage. The author is strongly against the communal ideals of the Fabians, and, in allusion to the growth of social conditions foretold in Mr. Belloc's book, "The Servile State," he says: "The result shows how intelligent and intensive the whole war of Socialism against the family has been for the last forty years."

In suggesting that his own belief in the family as "the foundation of the State" is old-fashioned, he is perhaps unduly pessimistic. Old fashions of a fundamental sort have a way of persisting quietly amid all the din raised by vociferous reformers. Such is the impression I gather from a small volume of great significance called "CHANGES IN FAMILY LIFE." By Sir William Beveridge and Others (George Allen and Unwin; 3s. 6d.). This book embodies seven wireless talks on this subject given a few months ago, as part of a scheme of social investigation through the new medium of the radio, and is only a preliminary sketch of the results.

Listeners were invited to fill up a Family Form, which was bitterly denounced by newspaper critics. That, perhaps, was due to the general unpopularity of form-filling, or to a suspicion of some new type of bureaucratic regimentation. The motive, however, was really scientific, there was no compulsion, and the results have been gratifying. "The 8000 family returns already received," we read, "covering 20,000 families and 200,000 persons, represent a large mass of facts of absorbing interest; they are a record of family life, among all sorts and conditions of men, in this generation and the last, which it may take years of study to exhaust completely. . . . To sociologists it is fascinating. The first impression is that there have not been any very great changes in family life in the last generation, but what changes there are, are, on the whole,

an improvement." Evidently, Mr. Wells's "common Englishman" still has a lingering idea that "there's no place like home."

As no human institution is perfect, family life, of course, is not exempt from errors and follies, leading occasionally to litigation. This aspect of it is presented in "JUDICIAL WISDOM OF MR. JUSTICE MCCARDIE," or, Famous Cases of Mr. Justice McCardie. Edited by Albert Crew, Barrister-at-Law. With Frontispiece Portrait (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 7s. 6d.). The editor has compiled, as it were, an anthology of summings-up delivered by this well-known judge in various lawsuits relating to "domestic and social relations, divorce cases, and legal cases of general interest,"



A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY DOVECOTE RECENTLY TAKEN OVER BY THE NATIONAL TRUST: TWO VIEWS OF A QUAIN OLD STRUCTURE AT WILLINGTON, NEAR BEDFORD, BUILT IN 1521 BY SIR JOHN GOSTRICK, WHO WAS IN THE SERVICE OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

prefacing each judgment with a short explanation regarding the origin of the case and the parties concerned. Some of them, such as that of "Place v. Searle," are of quite recent occurrence, and it is not long since the learned judge himself figured in a professional controversy with a colleague of the Bench. The book is prefaced by a summary of his career, including a reference to his summing-up in the libel action that arose in 1924 out of the suppression of the disturbance at Amritsar.

Apart from any topical consideration, the judgments here recorded are rich in many-sided human interest. It

Cumming v. Wilson and Others. Edited by (the late) W. Teignmouth Shore. Illustrated (Hodge; 10s. 6d.). Here we have not only the summing-up, but the complete record of evidence, counsel's speeches, and verdict, in perhaps the most thrilling *cause célèbre* of modern times.

The editor's view of the trial is indicated by the following words from his Introduction: "This volume is an attempt to win justice for the memory of a man much wronged, and to clear away the scandal that was so stupidly attached by press and public to the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII)"; likewise by his quotation from *Truth* of June 18, 1891: "No dog would be hanged on the evidence that convinced a jury that Sir William Gordon-Cumming had cheated at cards." It was a slander action brought by Sir William, and his leading counsel was the late Sir Edward Clarke, then Solicitor-General. The verdict was for the defendants. Sir Edward afterwards wrote: "I believe the verdict was wrong, and that Sir William Gordon-Cumming was innocent."

Having occasion, the other day, to visit "the dusty purlieu of the law," I turned into the Temple—an old haunt of mine—seeking respite from the noise of Fleet Street, and found its buildings enveloped in scaffolding. Rather a disappointment, I imagine, for American and other visitors. They can read, however, of the legal and literary celebrities, real and fictitious, who have inhabited its ancient courts, in "WIG AND GOWN": The Story of the Temple, Gray's and Lincoln's Inn. By Colonel Robert J. Blackham (Sampson Low; 12s. 6d.). Londoners still regard the Temple as one of their special sanctuaries, but Colonel Blackham takes us back to the days when "right of sanctuary" actually existed there, and when, in the sixteenth century, criminals encroached on it, by forming close by that unpleasant district described by Scott in "The Fortunes of Nigel," and known as Alsatia. One chapter, "Ghosts I Meet," is allotted to the long list of the Temple's famous residents. Johnson, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Sheridan, Lamb, Thackeray, are but a few of the illustrious shades by which its courts are surely haunted. Among Elizabethans connected with the Temple were Drake, Raleigh, Frobisher, Gilbert, and Sir John Popham. Shakespeare, of course, carries the traditions of the place still further back, in the scene of "Henry VI" (Part I) that portrays the plucking of the white and red roses in the Temple garden.

Another quarter of the town, equally rich in literary associations, is described by a master of London topography in "THE ROMANCE OF SOHO." Being an Account of the District, its past Distinguished Inhabitants, its Historic Houses, and its Place in the Social Annals of London. By E. Beresford Chancellor, F.S.A. (*Country Life*; 12s. 6d.). Mr. Chancellor, who states that "no complete account of Soho has hitherto been forthcoming," has spared no pains in filling the gap. He recalls the legend connected with the foreign-sounding name of the district—that it was first applied to King's Square, as Soho Square was then called, by the friends of the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, when the latter had a house there, "So Ho" being their battle-cry at Sedgemoor. Mr. Chancellor, however, prefers to believe that it took its name from a sixteenth-century inn, then a hunting centre, called the "So Ho," from a cry for calling off hounds.

The romance of London is indeed inexhaustible, and it has different meanings for different people. That felt by an engineer, for instance, may not be quite the same thing as appeals to a writer or an artist. We know, of course, that—

Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

Nowadays, however, it goes deeper, and even extends to the Tube. This phase is well represented in "THE ROMANCE OF LONDON'S UNDERGROUND." By W. J. Passingham. Profusely illustrated (Sampson Low; 12s. 6d.). We are all familiar with such recent wonders as the Tube station at Piccadilly Circus, but which of us could tell much about the early beginnings of the Underground? Mr. Passingham corrects our ignorance. When railways were first brought to London in 1836, against the fierce criticism of the Duke of Wellington and others, there followed the first of London's traffic problems, and when one Charles Pearson, a City solicitor, suggested a subterranean railway as the remedy, he was scoffed at. He persisted, however, and when Brunel proved the possibility of subterranean communication by his tunnel under the Thames in 1843, Pearson gathered funds and supporters. In 1863 the "Sewage" Railway—as the Metropolitan was first dubbed—was opened between Farringdon and High Holborn. C. E. B.



A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY LANCASHIRE BUILDING GIVEN TO THE NATION: THE OLD MANOR COURT HOUSE AT HAWKSHEAD, A TOWN THAT IS ASSOCIATED WITH WORDSWORTH'S SCHOOLDAYS.

This interesting old building has been presented to the nation by Mr. H. S. Cowper, F.S.A., of Hawkshead, a well-known local antiquary. In Mr. F. H. Cheetham's "Lancashire" (Methuen), we read: "Hawkshead Hall, the mediæval manor house of Furness Abbey, lies half a mile north of the town. The fifteenth century gate-house contains a fireplace with dog-tooth ornament, probably a relic of a thirteenth-century building." For a long time the house has been used as a stable. Hawkshead Grammar School has a desk on which Wordsworth carved his name while he was a scholar there. He describes the district in "The Prelude" and "The Excursion."

was a happy idea to collect such cases, and something of a novelty, for hitherto volumes of this type have usually been concerned with criminal trials. Another notable exception from the usual run of subjects in the series Notable British Trials, is "THE BACCARAT CASE." Gordon-

BUCKFAST ABBEY CONSECRATED.



THE CONSECRATION OF BUCKFAST ABBEY: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PROCESSION WHICH INITIATED THE PUBLIC CEREMONY, SHOWING THE ARK-LIKE RELIQUARY; AND LOUD-SPEAKERS ON THE CHURCH.



CARDINAL BOURNE AT THE CONSECRATION OF BUCKFAST ABBEY: THE PAPAL LEGATE (CENTRE) AMID A PICTURESQUE ASSEMBLY OF ECCLESIASTICAL DIGNITARIES, INCLUDING A PAPAL CHAMBERLAIN (RIGHT).

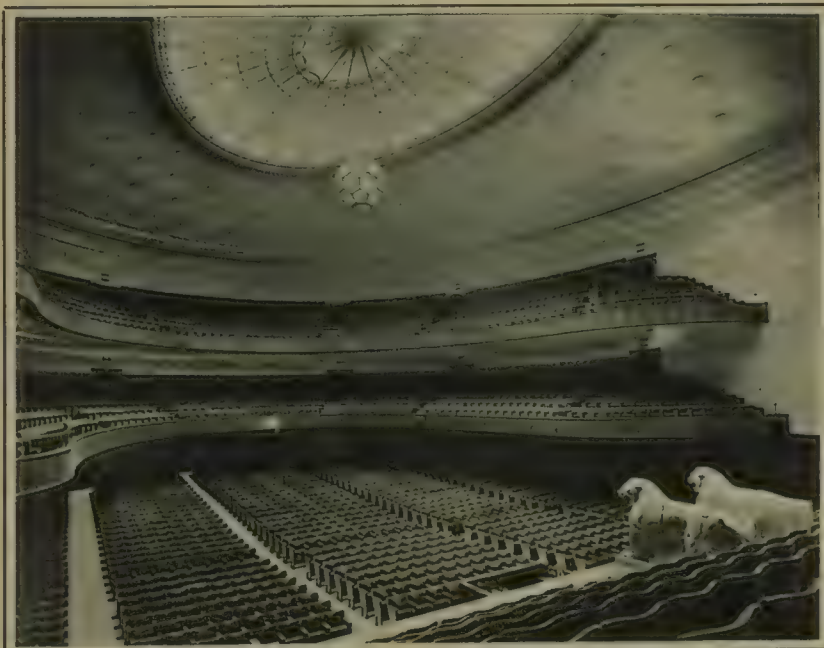
The restored church of Buckfast Abbey, in Devon, was consecrated on August 25. The Pope had appointed Cardinal Bourne to be his special Legate for this occasion. The church, as it now stands, has been built by a handful of monks, never more than six, and usually four, working since 1907. There were then no resources beyond the monks themselves, one of whom had skill as a mason. As years went by they grew more skilled, but from the first an architect was employed. Yet, beyond the carving of the altars, and the erecting of temporary structures, the whole work has been done by the monks. The public ceremonies on August 25 began at 9.30, when a long and imposing procession, including the Papal Legate, Archbishops, Bishops and Abbots from all parts of England and Europe, accompanied the ark-like reliquary through the grounds of the Abbey into the church. Cardinal Bourne then delivered his address. At a luncheon served afterwards, in a marquee erected inside the cloisters, the Abbot of Buckfast proposed the toast "The Pope and the King."

SHEFFIELD CITY HALL COMPLETED.

The new City Hall of Sheffield, which we illustrate here, contains five separate halls, with total accommodation for 5500 people. The main hall is a true oval in plan, and measures about 130 ft. by 100 ft. In form the building is rectangular, with projecting bays at the front and sides and a semi-circular apse, which constitutes a smaller Memorial Hall, seating 600, at the rear. The City Hall stands on the site of what was formerly "Barker's Pool," not far from the Cathedral, and rising above the general level of the city. The facing material is Darley Dale stone, a sandstone of close texture, golden buff in colour, which cuts hard and sharp, compelling a large treatment of detail. The entrance hall is vaulted, with three saucer domes, and richly decorated in colour by Mr. George Kruger Gray—mostly with heraldic patterns. In the oval hall a platform and an orchestra to seat 500 lead up to a colonnade of four Corinthian columns, with grilles between, screening the organ. In the centre of the platform there is an "entrance of honour" flanked by two lions, Assyrian in type, carved in Hopton Wood marble by Mr. John Hodge. The colour treatment of the interior is restful, ranging from honey on the walls and ceiling to beige in the seats and carpets and brown in the walnut panelling.



THE NEW CITY HALL AT SHEFFIELD: A GENERAL VIEW FROM THE SOUTH-EAST SHOWING ONE OF THE COLONNADES.



THE OVAL HALL SEEN LOOKING FROM THE PLATFORM, SHOWING THE GALLERIES WHICH SEAT 550 SPECTATORS EACH; AND IN THE FOREGROUND THE "ENTRANCE OF HONOUR" FLANKED BY LIONS.



THE TWO LIONS FLANKING THE "ENTRANCE OF HONOUR": IMPRESSIVE SCULPTURE, REMINISCENT OF THE ASSYRIAN STYLE, CARRIED OUT BY MR. JOHN HODGE, IN HOPTON WOOD MARBLE.

# EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN FOREIGN LANDS: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF HAPPENINGS ABROAD.



THE RECONSTRUCTION OF A CASTLE GIVEN TO SIGNOR MUSSOLINI:  
A TRIBUTE FROM HIS NATIVE PROVINCE.

THE MUSSOLINI COAT OF ARMS  
ON THE CASTLE ENTRANCE.

THE MEDIEVAL CASTLE PRESENTED TO SIGNOR MUSSOLINI:  
THE ROCCA DELLE CAMINATE BEFORE RECONSTRUCTION.

Signor Mussolini was presented, a few years ago, by the people of his native province, with a medieval Italian castle known as the Rocca (or Castello) delle Caminate, in the district where he had spent his childhood. As shown by our right-hand photograph, the old building required much reconstruction to make it habitable. The work has since been proceeding, and the left-hand illustration shows it as it appeared recently, approaching completion. In the

centre is the Mussolini coat of arms which decorates the entrance to the castle. Signor Benito Mussolini was born in 1883 at Dovia, in the Commune of Predappio, in the province of Forlì. It may be recalled that last May he was presented also with an old palace in Rome, which had become a restaurant (the Castello dei Cesari), by its owner, Princess Giulia Ottoboni Rasponi, "to be put to any use of public interest he may think fit."



THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN OF AUGUST 31: TWO AMERICAN EXPEDITIONS IN  
NEW HAMPSHIRE—(ABOVE) GIANT CAMERAS (40 FT. AND 85 FT. LONG) OF THE  
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, PHILADELPHIA; (RIGHT) THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY'S  
25 FT. CAMERA.

Many astronomical expeditions were sent out to observe the eclipse of the sun predicted for August 31. Scientists from the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia established their camp at Conway, New Hampshire. The left-hand photograph shows their two great cameras, one 40 ft. long (on the left) and the other 85 ft. The Associate Director of the Institute, Mr. James Stekley, is seen on the right adjusting the mirror of the larger camera. In the other illustration is seen apparatus arranged by the Wesleyan University at Center Conway, N.H. This photograph was taken from the back end of a 25-ft. camera, and shows Mr. Fred Slocum, Director of the Van Kleeck Observatory at the University, manipulating the lens. The British Expedition from the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, it will be remembered, took up their station in Canada, at Parent, in the province of Quebec.



A PETITIONER FOR GENERAL SANJURJO'S  
REPRIVE: THE MOTHER OF CAPTAIN  
GALBAN, AFTER AN INTERVIEW WITH  
THE SPANISH PRESIDENT.

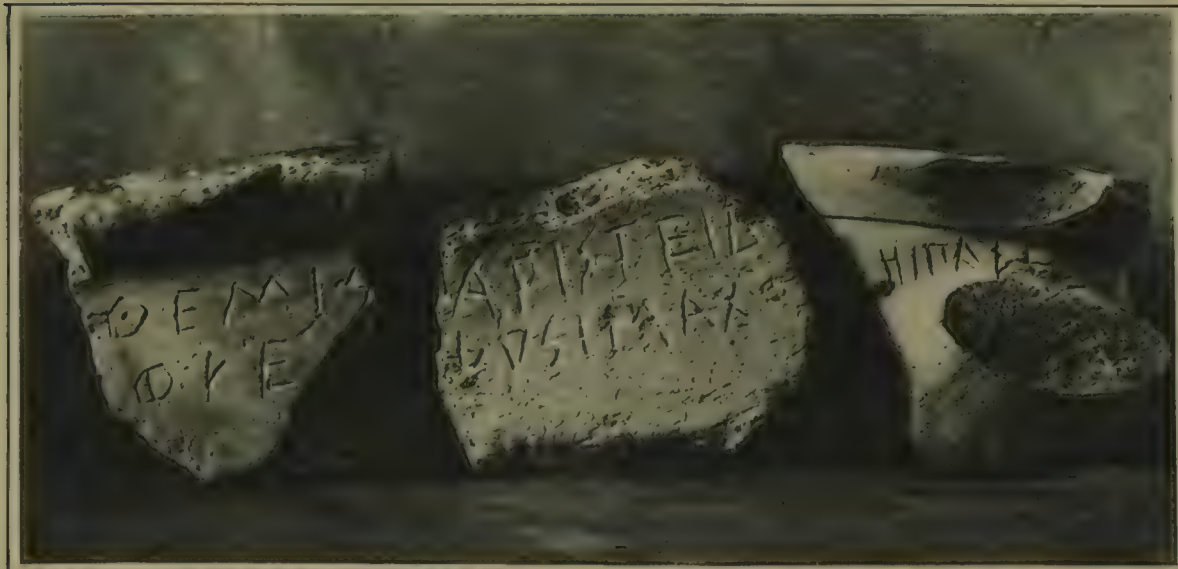
THE TRIAL OF GENERAL SANJURJO (CONDEMNED TO DEATH AND THEN REPRIEVED),  
WITH THREE OTHER OFFICERS, INCLUDING HIS SON, FOR COMPLICITY IN THE RECENT  
SPANISH RISING: THE ACCUSED IN COURT.

THE FIANCEE OF CAPTAIN JUSTO SAN-  
JURJO, THE GENERAL'S SON, WHO WAS  
ACQUITTED, LEAVING THE COURT AFTER  
THE TRIAL.

The result of the trial of General Sanjurjo and three other Spanish officers, for complicity in the recent rising, was announced on August 25. General Sanjurjo was condemned to death, but the sentence was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for life. In the middle photograph above the four officers are seen seated in the centre. In the front row (left to right) are General

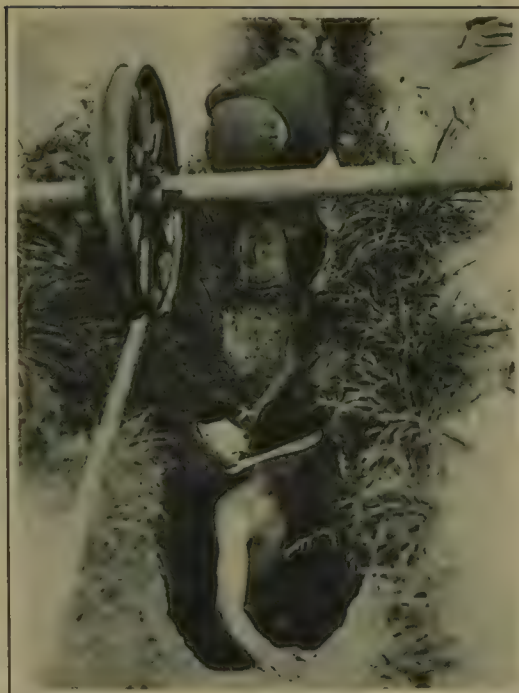
Sanjurjo and General García de la Herranz (sentenced to life imprisonment), and behind them are Lt.-Col. Don Esteban Infante (sentenced to twelve years) and Captain Justo Sanjurjo, the General's son, found not guilty. One petitioner for General Sanjurjo's reprieve was the mother of Captain Galban, an officer shot after the Jaca rising in December 1930.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES.



THE OSTRACISM OF THEMISTOCLES, ARISTEIDES AND HIPPARCHOS: THREE SHERDS OF POTTERY USED IN THE ANCIENT ATHENIAN CEREMONY RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT ATHENS.

The three sherds illustrated here were discovered during the clearing out of one of the many wells, dating from classical and Roman times, in the American zone of the Agora excavations at Athens. One of them appears to be unquestionably a relic of the ostracism of Aristides "the Just," and another of that of Themistocles. Ostracism, it may be remembered, was introduced into Athens by the reformer, Cleisthenes. At meetings held annually, the body of citizens could assign a fellow-citizen to banishment, without further penalties, for ten years, by writing his name on pieces of pottery (or *ostraka*).



THE ENTRANCE OF A SUPPOSED PREHISTORIC FLINT MINE DISCOVERED AT IIVINGHOE, HUCKS.

Great interest has been aroused by the discovery of what appears to be a prehistoric flint mine at Iivinghoe, near Cheddington, in Buckinghamshire. The mine goes down for 40 ft. into the chalk where the flints were dug, and is 4 ft. across. Numerous finds have been made in it.



SIR WILLIAM MORRIS PRESENTING A NEW "PIECE OF HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE"!—THE 1933 MODEL 31-H.P. WOLSELEY AND ITS MAKER, AT BIRMINGHAM.

Sir William Morris, on August 23, introduced the 1933 Wolseley cars to a gathering of over six hundred prominent dealers, at the Wolseley Works in Birmingham. "Conditions generally," he said, "are already better, and I am sure this country is on the up-grade at the present time." He also said that "the motor-car is fast becoming a piece of household furniture . . . and I can easily foresee a time when families will buy a new suite of cars . . ."



THE KING AND QUEEN TEMPORARILY ABANDON THE MOTOR-CAR FOR THE HORSE: THEIR MAJESTIES DRIVING IN AN OPEN CARRIAGE TO CRATHIE CHURCH.

A very great number of people and motor-cars assembled at Crathie Church on August 28, when the King and Queen attended the morning service. In accordance with custom, the royal carriage was drawn by a pair of grey horses, preceded by an outrider. The Duke and Duchess of York motored from Birkhall. The Rev. John Sturton, D.D. (Domestic Chaplain to the King) officiated, and preached the sermon.



THE NEW NEWSPAPER LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AT HENDON: A VIEW OF THE BUILDING.

The new newspaper library of the British Museum at Colindale (Hendon) was opened on August 24. All newspapers, London, country, Dominion, and Foreign published since 1800 have been removed from Bloomsbury to Colindale. The building is opposite the Colindale Station of the Edgware and Morden Tube system of the Underground. It cost £64,000 and holds 275,000 bound volumes of newspapers.



THE "NIOBE" NOW COMPLETELY RAISED AND MOORED IN KIEL HARBOUR: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING WRECKAGE FORWARD AND A BROKEN MAST.

Readers will remember that we gave in our last issue two remarkably vivid photographs of the unlucky German training-ship "Niobe," as she was then, partially raised. We here show her raised and moored at the quay in Kiel, her deck still strewn with wreckage, and one of her broken masts clearly visible. The "Niobe," it will be remembered, capsized in the Baltic in July with the loss of sixty-nine lives. Thirty-four dead were recovered from her when she was raised.



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

### A CENTURY OF SALT-CELLARS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

extreme severity of Fig. 1 (left), a piece which, without the irrefutable evidence of the date mark, one would place in the 1650's. Actually it is dated 1670, ten years after the Restoration.

stem, was a new-fangled trick for a salt-cellar when George II. was living, nor have I seen the idea used since; indeed, this simple shape is more the sort of thing a wood-turner would evolve on his lathe than the silversmith at his bench.

WHEN rare and extraordinary things come up at auction they are always sure of a note in the daily papers because they constitute news, and if they fetch several hundred, or, better still, several thousand pounds, they are sometimes the subject of descriptions which can only be described as dithyrambic, and we are all quite justifiably pleased and edified. Not many of us, however, can afford to decorate our dining-tables with Elizabethan standing-salts, nor, indeed, would all of us care to; which is just as well, as there are not nearly enough to go round. Of course, if the whole population were suddenly to decide that, at any sacrifice, the more sober kind of salt-cellar, such as those that illustrate this page, must appear in every household, these also would become exceedingly expensive and almost unobtainable. As it is, they are good and fine, and reasonably rare, but not unique—in short, they are objects which are not beyond the means, nor outside the experience, of the average man with an occasional spare ten-pound note or so in his pocket.

It is not my business to make of this page a sort of market guide to any branch of collecting works of



I. TWO SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SILVER SALT-CELLARS: (LEFT) ONE DATING FROM 1670, AND OF A SIMPLICITY NOT USUALLY ASSOCIATED WITH TASTE UNDER CHARLES II.; AND (RIGHT) A FAIRLY COMMON TYPE PRODUCED IN THE LAST DECADE OF THE CENTURY.

All Photographs on this Page Reproduced by Courtesy of Mr. S. J. Phillips.

Fig. 1 (right) is a not unfamiliar type of the closing years of the century—it is dated 1694—with its wide base and gad-rooned edges, and is obviously a more elaborate, but by no means an extravagant, version of the earlier simple examples.

With the turn of the century comes a complete change of fashion. The next two examples, in Fig. 2, dated 1709 and 1724, show this as well as anything. They exhibit a good deal more

the contrast between the styles of Fig. 3 (right) (1731) and Fig. 4 (left) (1746) is obvious—the one rather heavy, but (except for the curious legs) well proportioned and almost plain; the other, with its lions' heads and feet, and elaborate rim, an example of what we may define as the grand tradition inherited at some distance from the France of Louis Quatorze. (No need here to remind readers of the enthusiasm for lion masks in the mahogany furniture of the 1730's and 1740's.)

These two salt-cellar happen to illustrate remarkably well a point which has been noted on this page on a previous occasion. They are both by the same maker, the famous Paul Lamerie, and show as well as anything that the elaborate rococo by which this accomplished French emigrant to England is best known, ought not to be tied to his name to the exclusion of an earlier and more sober tradition. It cannot be said that even the most outstanding personalities among the silversmiths were in advance of their age—rather that they kept a wary and intelligent eye turned towards current taste, and were quick to produce, in addition to more imposing



2. QUEEN ANNE SALT-CELLARS, TYPICAL OF THE PERIOD IN THE ELEGANT HARMONY OF THEIR WELL-THOUGHT-OUT CURVES AND MOULDINGS: (LEFT) AN EXAMPLE OF 1709; AND (RIGHT) ONE OF 1724.

art, but I feel it is time someone put down in cold print the not unwelcome news that one can buy, to-day, genuine and distinguished specimens of our ancestors' silver at about 50 per cent. less than was possible three or four years ago. It is possible, of course, though not very easy, to persuade oneself that values will drop still further in the next twelve months or two years, but to do this requires a degree of pessimism of which I, for one, am not capable, and I believe that those who have bought during this summer have not only acquired objects which give them great æsthetic pleasure, but have also made an extremely good business investment for themselves and their descendants. With this introduction, let us forget the question of prices, and see the sort of changes that came about in the space of a hundred years.

I have, before now, enlarged upon the luxury of the rich during the reign of Charles II. Nothing is easier than to choose out a few very ornate examples of domestic silver and say, "Here you are! You don't really want any proof that the Court and its hangers-on were content with nothing but a gorgeous extravagance—did not Nell Gwynn have a silver bed?—and look at these candlesticks, twisted and embossed in a riotous reaction against the sober régime of the Commonwealth." One can build up a pretty picture, all high lights and primary colours, from such evidence, and forget that society was not entirely composed of rather overdressed and distinctly raffish gentlemen peacocking up and down the Mall. There were plenty of quiet, serious households, well able to furnish their tables with silver, but having no mind for the modish experiments of their betters—people of reasonably good taste, but no lovers of display. How else can one explain the

sophistication, plain though they are, and someone took a vast amount of pains in working out the curves and ridges that go to their make-up. Not for nothing does Queen Anne silver continue to attract the attention of collectors the world over. Fig. 3 (left)—1729—must have charmed the town when it was first seen, for a bowl, resting on a comparatively slender



3. TWO EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SALT-CELLARS: (LEFT) AN UNUSUAL TYPE (1729) WHICH HAS RATHER THE LINES OF A WOODEN VESSEL TURNED ON THE LATHE THAN OF SILVERWARE; AND (RIGHT) ONE OF THE EARLIEST EXAMPLES TO BE FURNISHED WITH LEGS (1731)—THE WORK OF PAUL LAMERIE, THE ACCOMPLISHED FRENCH EMIGRANT TO ENGLAND.



4. EXAMPLES OF GROWING SOPHISTICATION IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SALT-CELLARS: (LEFT) A TYPICAL LATE WORK OF PAUL LAMERIE (1746); AND (RIGHT) A PIECE DATING FROM 1775 THAT CLEARLY SHOWS THE INFLUENCE OF THE NEO-CLASSICAL TREND IN TASTE THAT WAS DEVELOPED BY THE BROTHERS ADAM.

pieces, minor novelties calculated to charm the errant fancies of their customers.

Finally, there is Fig. 4 (right), elegant, oval, and pierced, resting on delicate ball and claw feet—a salt-cellar which owes its existence to the enthusiasm for classical antiquity as a result of the discovery of Pompeii, and to the architectural labours of the Adam brothers—not, of course, directly. Its date is 1775. There were of course many more shapes in vogue at one time or another during these 100 years; it is impossible to note them all in the space of a single page: these eight are intended to give some idea of the main current of taste, and to show how wide was its range.



## SUN HEALTH TOURS

If Midsummer, 1932, be memorable for nothing else, it will be recalled as a vintage period of sunshine. But the year is mellowing. The evenings will soon be drawing in with autumnal chill. Then the dark days and the depths of winter! How to escape them?

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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

THERE have been several cases in England recently where children have tampered with the hand-brake of cars parked on hillside roads and the vehicles have run away, doing damage to persons and property. If every driver halting his car on a gradient, however slight, would only remember to put the car in the reverse or the first-speed gear, as well as parking it with the hand-brake hard on, such accidents could not occur. If a child did release the hand-brake, the car would not roll backwards if the first-speed gear was engaged, neither could the car roll forward down the incline if the reverse gear was engaged. Motorists are also rather careless in leaving the ignition key in the lock when parking their cars in neighbourhoods they are well acquainted with. Strange as it appears, these same drivers promptly remove the key and take it with them, or hide it under the ash-tray in the car, when leaving the vehicle unattended in an unknown locality. Yet it is far more likely that their cars will be stolen from their regular parking spots than from a chance resting-place. The reason for this is that few thieves steal any car on the spur of the moment. The habits of its owner are studied for some period in advance before the *coup* is arranged to take place. Consequently, it is from the spot where the car is parked more frequently unattended that it will be stolen, as its time of arrival and hour of departure have been watched, so as to give the thief a good start when he does take it.

### Insurance Renewals; Special Regulations.

Under Part II. of the Road Traffic Act, 1930, and the Motor Vehicles and Road Traffic Act (Northern Ireland), 1930, an insurance motor policy is of no effect for the purposes of the Act unless and until there is delivered by the insurer to the insured a Certificate of Insurance. Therefore, it has become necessary for insurance companies to arrange their procedure whereby the date of the delivery by the company to the insured may be shown on every certificate. In other words, unless the insurer pays the premium and receives the certificate, which he or she must be able to produce to the police if demanded, on the date before his last certificate expires, or before he starts driving any car if it is the first time of taking out a third party or complete cover policy, the driver is running a risk of getting into trouble if an accident

should happen. It is true that renewal notices for policies due on or after September 1, and in respect of which Certificates of Third Party insurance were required by law and were current at the expiry date, will embody a Covering Note extending the period of the policy for fifteen days (but only so far as concerns the liability required by the Act to be covered). But even then the certificate will only be dated the actual day when this premium is paid. In the interval between the date of expiry and the date of paying the premium (within the fifteen days of grace), the policy only holds good as far as third party personal damages are concerned. Therefore every wise motorist will pay his motor insurance premium a week before the date of expiry, in order to be sure that there is no uncovered period in regard to other losses outside "compulsory third party" claims.

### Pillarless Saloon Fashion Growing.

This present year introduced the pillarless saloon, inaugurated by the Triumph Motor Company on its small saloon cars. I said at the time when the firm provided this design of coachwork on their cars that it would be adopted by other makers as the most sensible and best safety factor yet produced as an exit from a saloon. Last week I had the good fortune to call in by chance at the show-rooms of Silent Travel, Ltd., 28, Albemarle Street, London, W.1, who are making four-door saloon coachwork without pillars. Visitors to the Paris Salon and the London Olympia Motor Show, last year, may remember that they saw there coachwork built by this firm with special features for preventing squeaks and the usual body noises. The Silent Travel system of body-building consists of flexibly joining the major units comprising the body framework by means of special steel plates and silent-bloc bushes, and in conjunction with this system special door-locks are mounted on silent-bloc bushes, so that a certain amount of movement of the doors is possible without causing wear of the bolts or catch-plates of the locks. In the pillarless design the two doors on either side are provided with vertically sliding bolts operated by the door-handle in the usual fashion. The cant rails and the bottom sides carry dowels, in which are let in oil-soaked felt pads. These dowels engage with sockets in the doors, the bolts in turn engaging with holes in the dowels. Also one of the doors carries a strip of rubber which takes up the necessary clearance between them and acts as a draught-excluder as well.

## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

### ENGLISH PIANISTS AT THE PROMENADES

DURING the past week, three English pianists have played pianoforte concertos at the Promenade Concerts with Sir Henry Wood, and their performances offer me an opportunity to comment generally upon the playing of our English pianists. The three pianists were Mr. Harold Samuel, Mr. Cyril Smith, and Miss Kathleen Long. Of these, Mr. Cyril Smith is the youngest and least known; both Miss Kathleen Long and Mr. Harold Samuel have been playing for many years before the public, and have an excellent reputation as serious, conscientious, and gifted musicians.

Now Mr. Cyril Smith may be added to the list of talented English pianists, for his performance of the Beethoven C major pianoforte concerto was sound and musicianly, and showed that Mr. Cyril Smith had a real grasp of the music and made a serious effort at true interpretation. The playing of all three of these pianists is, indeed, notable for a truly musical spirit, and in this respect it compares very favourably with the playing of some more famous foreign virtuosos who, although they may possess some technical qualities which our pianists lack, are often very defective in musical sensibility, and when they play the music of Beethoven and Mozart present us with mere travesties of the works of those composers.

Having said this, however, I must now proceed to discuss what seem to me to be the shortcomings of these English pianists, and it is a curious fact that the fundamental defect of all three is, to my mind, a lack of vitality. Mr. Harold Samuel has a fine technique and a keen sense of rhythm, but he lacks breadth and robustness. In the Bach D minor concerto, his rhythmic steadiness in the first movement was splendid, and his was one of the best performances I have heard of this movement. Elsewhere, the miniaturist style of Mr. Samuel robbed Bach of his magnificence.

Miss Kathleen Long has sensitiveness, but her rhythmic unsteadiness in Mozart's beautiful B flat pianoforte concerto, especially in the first movement, is a radical defect that spoils one's enjoyment of her playing. One cannot ask Mr. Harold Samuel to be a robust, demoniacal pianist, like Busoni or Schnabel, when Nature has made him a lyrical

(Continued overleaf.)

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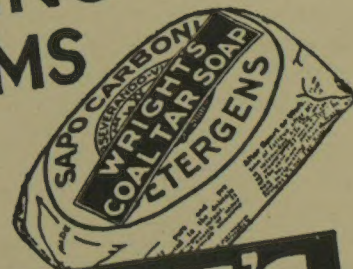
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*Continued.*

miniaturist rather more like Gieseking; but if he were unsteady in rhythm, as Miss Kathleen Long is, one would expect him to overcome that defect, and until Miss Long can concentrate sufficiently on the platform to keep absolutely steady, she will never do herself justice in public.

#### MISCONCEPTION OF MOZART.

Miss Long deserves our praise for her selection of Mozart's concerto in B flat (K. 450), but I did not agree with her interpretation of it. But here she shares the opinion of the writer of the programme notes, who describes the *Andante* of this concerto as a "charming movement." There are occasions when the word "charming" fills me with rancour, and this is one of them. This *Andante* of the B flat concerto is not charming, but sublime. It is of a majestic Handelian character to which the word "charming" is utterly irrelevant. I wish I could hear someone play this concerto as I conceive it, and that Miss Kathleen Long could be present to hear it also. I am sure that she would be astounded. The trouble is, there are so few notes in this movement, and the pianoforte part is so exposed and the scoring so bare, that it requires such a sheer intensity of conception and such a solid and massive technique to support this conception that I despair of hearing it played satisfactorily. By technique in this connection I mean just the ability to realise, with perfect finger control, depth of tone, and hairbreadth rhythmic balance, the intensity of the musical conception. This *Andante* of Mozart's B flat concerto requires similar handling to that demanded by the *Largo* of Beethoven's C major pianoforte concerto, and I am glad to say that Mr. Cyril Smith had the right conception of this *Largo*. He managed to sustain the right degree of concentration to make it sound inevitable and significant in every note. I therefore commend to Mr. Cyril Smith the Mozart B flat concerto—let him have a shot at it next year at the Promenades, because it is an absolute masterpiece and a neglected one!

W. J. TURNER.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

### "FIREBIRD." AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

MR. JEFFREY DELL'S adaptation from the Hungarian is "theatre" at its best. Our interest is held from the moment the curtain rises on the prologue, when, on the stairs of a block of flats in Budapest, we find a young actor (Mr. Hugh Williams) making ardent love to a fellow resident (Miss Gladys Cooper). Carried away by his passion, she agrees to visit him in his rooms. Six weeks later he is discovered murdered, and the drama resolves itself round Carola's efforts to conceal the fact that she has been his mistress; the fact that she was seen stealing from his flat on the night of the murder naturally causes suspicion to fall upon her. It would be unfair to disclose the *dénouement*, though the element of mystery as to who killed the dead man is not essential to the interest of the play. It is Carola's struggles to escape from the tangled web in which her deceit has enmeshed her that provides the drama. As Carola, Miss Gladys Cooper gives a superb performance, and in one hysterical scene she rose to great heights, and moved the audience to immense enthusiasm. Mr. Hugh Williams made the most of his one scene in the prologue, as the young actor, and Mr. Alan Napier was excellent as the dry-as-dust husband.

### "LOYALTIES," AT THE GARRICK.

It is one of the tragedies of the theatre that a good play poorly acted or produced never gets a second chance. It is also, in its way, a tragedy that the memory of a good production clouds every subsequent revival. Yet, frankly, with however levelled an eyebrow or kindly an eye, one can't say the acting in this revival equals that at the St. Martin's ten years ago. Of the newcomers, Mr. Colin Clive gets nearest in quality to the "creator" of Captain Ronald Dancy. He hasn't the cynical air of Mr. Eric Maturin, admittedly, but he has the neurotic manner that makes his Dancy less of a "crook" and more of a "war case."

Mr. Oliver Raphael gives an almost gramophonic repetition of Mr. Ernest Milton. Clever in its way, but when one wants to see Mr. Milton one prefers the original. At a third viewing, Mr. Galsworthy's "Loyalties" proves itself again the best of modern melodramas. It moves swiftly from situation to situation. As a work of art it has many merits, but simply as a piece of stagecraft it betters anything the Brothers Melville, of the Lyceum, have ever given us.

### "TO-MORROW WILL BE FRIDAY," AT THE HAYMARKET.

As managers don't lose money for the fun of the thing, it seems obvious that the stage effect of a play cannot certainly be visualised by the reading of a manuscript. Otherwise would the greatest of our comedy actresses, Miss Marie Tempest, concern herself with such a poor thing as Mr. Phillip Leaver's first effort? It would seem that Mr. Leaver has seen too much and thought too little. Every hackneyed trick of the theatre he has introduced into his play, but never one original idea. Fathered by Debrett (there are four titles in a company of seven), step-uncled by Sir James M. Barrie (so "whimsical" was the suggested flight to China) and foster-fathered by Edgar Wallace (emeralds were stolen from a safe, and a little blackmail was indulged in), Mr. Phillip Leaver seems to have seen everything once, and thought nothing over twice. We have the crook, posing as a millionaire sheep farmer anxious to buy Charlotte Lady Immingham's country house, who attempts to steal her emeralds. Caught in the act, he blackmails his hostess by professing to be the nephew of her first husband (a circus clown of all things!). But love mellowes the hardest of crooks, and a sentimental affair with the Hon. Cynthia Lynne (Miss Celia Johnson) sends him back repentant to the Continent. Miss Marie Tempest gave her usual superb performance in a part that was beneath her art, and Miss Celia Johnson almost achieved the impossible, and made one believe in a modern girl who fell in love with the first good-looking crook she saw.

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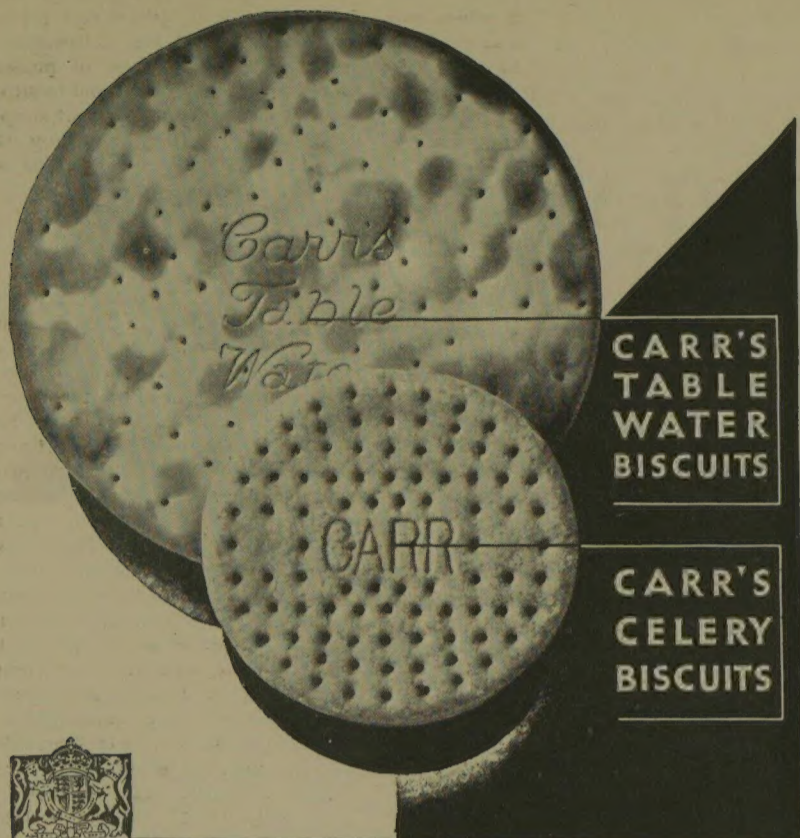
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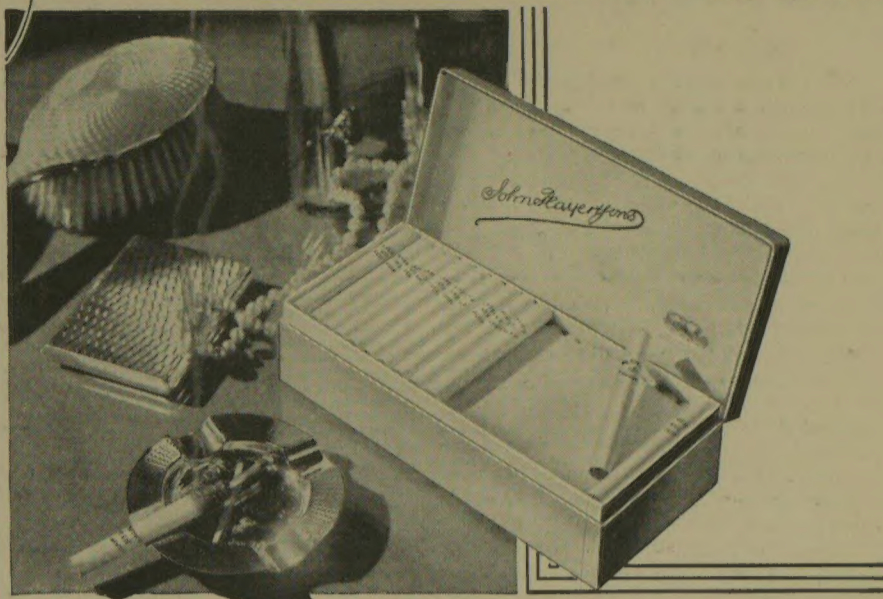
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The Château Bérénice was built in the year 1596 as a slight tribute to one of the mistresses of Henri IV. Or so say the guide-books: in any case, the story is still worth money. The original constructions, when M. Poire came on the scene some four centuries later, had long crumbled away; but one tower remained, and round this nucleus, with indomitable energy, he gradually built up the most expensive hotel between the Alps and the Pyrenees. The rooms in the old wing (for which M. Poire naturally charged double) numbered no more than six: but such is the force of historic association (especially if tinged with scandal) that those six amply sufficed to fill the remaining two hundred. The other great feature of the Château was a wide stone terrace, built up almost from the shore and conveniently planted with orange trees and umbrellas in alternate tubs: across which, at the moment when this moral history opens, a very beautiful young man was slowly sauntering in the direction of the lounge. No sooner, however, had he reached the door than



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BRITANNIA & EVE is not essentially a fashion paper, but Madge Garland knows what every woman wants to know for the Autumn . . . She writes: "September, 1932, and by the time you read this I shall have seen the Winter Collection in Paris, and know what you and I are going to wear for the next six months, and in our next issue I propose to give you a resumé of all I see and hear . . . But already there are indications of subtle changes, rumours of this and that, a new hat hazarded, a new silhouette confirmed by popular opinion. We know that velvet is going to be the material of outstanding importance this season, velvet of every description. Fine panne velvets, stitched velvets for hats, plush velvets, cotton velvets, waterproof velvets, uncrushable velvets, and some new velvets which have a fluffy, furry surface. Then duveteen has returned, and broadcloth, which has invaded the evening mode, and we are certainly going to wear cloth evening gowns this winter, as we cheerfully wore gingham ones last summer.

We are going to wear black, but black with a difference. We are going to vary it with 'off-black,' just as we varied white with 'off-white' this summer, and a dull battleship grey is predicted, though relieved with colour, coral red and green for preference. We shall also use black as a trimming for navy blue, and, as usual, contrast it with white, particularly in the evening; for day wear we shall see a lot of burgundy and cerise reds, but no yellow reds.

Our skirt lengths will, I think, remain unchanged, unless . . .

You must read every word—there are pages of "Fashion" in the September issue.

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he faced about, appeared to consult his watch, and wandered idly back to where a girl in white was sitting under one of the yellow sunshades.

She was a very pretty girl, with slanting blue eyes and dark hair, almost as sleek as his own, but it was none of these undeniable attractions that drew the young man out of his way. . . .

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